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HENRY ACTON

AND

OTHER TALES.



HENRY ACTON

OR

THE GOLD SMUGGLERS

AND OTHER TALES.

BY

THE HON. LOUISA SAYERS.

"Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise—
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes."

TRANSLATION FROM HESIOD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON

SAUNDERS & OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1839.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

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EDITH COURTNEY :

A TALE OF THE CHOLERA.

“ And my first thought
Was vengeance.”

“ The black plague flew o’er it ;
Thousands lie lowly.”

“ ANY letters this morning, my dear Mary ?” inquired the mild and quiet Mr. Seymour of his smiling and happy wife, as he entered their breakfast-room, after his morning walk, and seated himself at their social board.

“ Yes, my dear ; I left them on the study table. Run, Emma,” and the fond mother patted one of four rosy urchins, who were all clinging and battling round papa for the first kiss ; the

kiss was forgotten, and the errand sought with no less competition ; but Emma returned conqueror, and order was called for, till papa's letters were read.

“ A wedding, my dear Mary ; — can you guess whose ? ”

“ Jane Dormers.”

“ No ; the gentleman is our friend in this case.”

“ What ! married ? ”

“ No, that's for me to do.”

“ Indeed ! — a gentleman ! — let me see, — no. Ah ! I know,” said his anxious wife, trying to peep at the letter.

“ Well ? ” — she was obliged to confess ignorance again. “ Bolton Manvers.”

“ Bolton Manvers ! ” Mrs. Seymour looked grave ; Emma clapped her little hands.

“ Dear, dear Bolty, and will he come here for his wedding ? You know, Henry, he gave us little Gipsy, our pony.”

“ But mamma does not clap her hands,

Emma ; no, nor even smile. Why is this, Mary ?”

“ Because, my dear, I think Bolton too wild, too young, too, too—” she would have said dissipated, but she knew it would displease her husband, so she finished, “ too everything.”

“ That is harsh, Mary ; they were not vices that misled Bolton when he erred.”

“ True, perhaps, George, when we knew him ; but the flowers in Emma’s garden would have been all spoiled, had she not pulled up the weeds. Bolton has been absent two years,—has been ever since moving in gay life. George, you know you often wished to make him what you never could. I fear he is one who must surfeit of the world before he gains health to enjoy home ; but perhaps I wrong him,—may I see his letter ?”

“ I think you *do* wrong him. The foundation was good,—high principles, generosity, sincerity, warm regards, — and then he was young, very young. Our habits, Mary, to

ourselves are, I feel, perfect happiness ; but they are retired, nay, to one of Bolton's spirits, *mopy* ; and you know, dearest, he had no loving wife, no sweet children, to fill up every wish and every thought."

" Yes, George ; but we all know it is not the possession of such treasured blessings that always constitutes their value ; to enjoy a real blessing we must know how to estimate it. Gold was no gold to the Peruvians of old ; to those who conquered them it was a curse. But the letter, George ?"

Her husband reluctantly handed it to her. It was short, but affectionate, and full of that deference Manvers was ever ready to yield to so good and valued a friend as Mr Seymour.

Bolton Manvers was wealthy, handsome, and volatile—the world sought him, he sought the world ; corrected often in his actions by innate ideas of right, but seldom directed by that correction. Conscience frowned, but then pleasure smiled ;—at three and twenty, few there are who

do not love smiles better than frowns. Now, Bolton was to be everything proper, right, and domestic ; at least he said he was sure he should be so when married to Edith Courtney. He wrote, “ that the wedding bell should toll the knell of his wild oats. Come, George, and let your voice pronounce the funeral oration—come and transport me into the regions of perfect blessedness, by uniting me to Edith. Search the skies, the earth, the flowers, the heavens, painting, poetry, nay, prose itself, and you will find nothing like Edith. If you must image her, go back when first you loved dear Mrs. Seymour,—nothing but a lover can truly tell what a loved one is,—existence has nothing like it either in its periods or in its identity, perhaps ; but I see not that now—now I know all its felicity. I question not its duration, and would not for worlds doubt the perfection of its source. Farewell till Wednesday. The vulgar epidemic they call cholera is walking its plebeian rounds in this town, but yours and my aristocratic blood

are infection proof." Mrs. Seymour's eye rested rather long upon the last sentence.

" Well, Mary, what do you think ?" said Mr. Seymour.

" Why, that I am sorry you can't go."

" Not go," replied Mr. S. " Why ?"

" Did you finish the letter, my love ?" asked Mrs. S.

" Every word," he replied.

" What ! about the cholera ?"

" Nonsense !" He saw his wife was going to say something—he continued,

" A promise given is never to be broken ; is it, Emma ?"

" No ; so mamma says."

" And she says true, Emma. Don't be silly, Mary." He took his wife's hand kindly—
" I'll pledge my life Bolton will be as happy a man as I am, when he is married as long as we have been ; that is, if Edith is like my Mary." Something like a tear was in the eye of that Mary. " Fear nothing ; the same Providence

that watches over us here will equally guard us at G——.”

“Doubtless, George.” And she folded up Bolton Manvers’ letter in silence.

On the following morning, Mr. Seymour left home; the distance to be accomplished not being great, he preferred riding. With feelings of repressed, but painful and unaccountable foreboding, Mrs. Seymour took leave of her husband. Of a disposition tender and gentle, of habits retired and domestic, anything like danger excited her fondest fears; and any interruption to the calm tenour of her regular life seemed a trespass on her most treasured enjoyment; but she saw her husband, heart and soul, absorbed in the prospect of beholding his young friend’s happiness. She concealed her terrors, and silenced her complainings; yet when she could discern her husband no longer from the porch of their rustic dwelling, she sobbingly pressed the smiling baby she held in her arms closer to her heart, and called on a merciful

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We will now follow her husband, who, strange to say, was wholly untinged by these feelings. We shall find him, on the second day of his journey, leisurely and cheerfully taking his way along the high road to the town of G——, his destined point. The day had been a close, sultry one in June; the evening was one of June's most lovely and balmy; lights mellowed—heat subdued, but not chilled; twilight stealing in dewy softness over the fervour of almost tropical glare, administering, as it were, a draught of reviving life to all things which had bent beneath its ardency—from the flower that had sunk under its power to the green oak's closing leaf; the one reared its drooping head, the other expanded to drink in the freshened breeze; while the feathered inhabitants of the air sung their evening hymn to tell of their joyous freedom. And man, invigorated by the coolness and dewy atmosphere, sought with renewed strength his harvest toils. Mr. Seymour rode on at his horse's slowest

pace, not less pleased at the veiled fervour than the musy sort of thoughts which floated over his mind: his friend's future prospects occupied much of these.

As Mr. Seymour had been a happy man through life, he naturally drew the future of his friend from the past of his own. Married young, very young, to the woman of his first affection—and of affection as justly placed as devotedly returned, he had early become domesticated, contented; and, strange in this world of shoals, seemed to steer his course through life without a ruffle to disturb its smoothness. Health, competence, a beautiful family, a fond wife, were his; and moreover, he was the shepherd of a flock who loved, sought, and obeyed him. What could come into the possession of the mild, benevolent George Seymour to add to his earthly weal? Dwelling retired amidst peace and comfort, little either of the vice or troubles of this world obtruded on his observation, or challenged his sympathy, though

both in no breast beat with stronger pulse when once the feelings were called into play. At this particular period, his mind seemed to be roused to more than its usual flow of sweet and pleasant thoughts. Those who live remote from frequent and strong excitement become vividly sensitive to the first touch of novel events, be those events ever so trivial in their own nature.

Mr. Seymour, perceiving the shades of evening deepening around him, quickened onwards ; and uncertain exactly of the extent he might still have to pass over before he reached his destination, he gave his horse a hint of his observations. He had however not gone far at this quickened pace, when his progress was checked by a procession which frightfully jarred with all his former prospects. His horse absolutely started at the sudden and unlooked-for jerk he gave the bridle. It was not alone the singularity of the procession, nor its sombre character, that at once arrested his attention ; but in the appearance of it there was something

so appalling, so expressive of all that belonged to, yet unlike, all other processions on such a journey, that Mr. Seymour felt a shivering horror, a nameless instinct of acute painfulness. Dread beat at his heart, and a feeling he could not define sent its life-blood back with throbbing quickness. He scarcely knew why, but he felt sick, pale, cold; yet strange, he seemed impelled to approach nearer, as the dark, unshapely machine moved slowly up the road. All pertaining to it told its tale—it was the hearse that carried within it pestilence and death! No pall fell over the dark, rough case, which loomed darkly and mysteriously as it came, borne along on coarse wheels, drawn by a lean, half-living animal, and guided by a being whose stamp was visible in his countenance and dress; the worst degradation spoke in every feature of that squalid, dark appearance. It was a visage and form to which vice had given all its recklessness, and poverty and want all their ghastliness. The dress shewed not less

abjectness of circumstance than the person betokened depravity of mind. A smockfrock, ragged and black from filthiness, with a coal-heaver's large slouched hat, completed the attire of him who was now the sole companion of one who, amidst plague, pestilence, and infamy, had breathed her last, and was now journeying to her nameless grave ; yet sad, impressive, as this cortège looked, he who guided it seemed hardened to fear, dead to pity, to sympathy, and to suffering. And were there none to drag their melancholy steps behind this gloomy, horror-striking procession ? None ! no, not one—no eye to give one tear to mark its dusty track—frightful spectacle ! Yet question not humanity ; the victim enclosed within bore not kindred with its species,—she had spilt man's blood ; she had polluted, degraded woman's soul ; busily, busily had she wrought the work of him whose earthly agent she seemed to be. All things became accursed within her grasp ; like the deadly Upas, her breath was poison.

Then need we ask why no step was there—no tear? for she who was now to mingle with her mother earth, carried to the very confines of the grave a soul tainted with a pestilence as distorting as that which racked her putrid frame at its dissolving hour.

The procession turned off the high-road, but Mr. Seymour observed its course, and at last he saw it stop in a field; and in that field was laid, beside a hundred other corpses, the once beautiful, innocent, and happy Susan Evans! Mr. Seymour now, indeed, quickened his pace; he soon arrived at G——. On entering the town, all around told some dire intelligence; a few solitary beings were seen here and there, hurried along by business, or speeded by fear. Through one infected street it was Mr. Seymour's misfortune to pass; sad scenes came in review before him. Around fires of burning property stood the owners, some wailing, some cursing those who persisted in their task of destruction. Then rose the raving agony of

many who saw their nearest, dearest borne off to the hospitals. They cried aloud that death was there ; that poison only was to be found in the medicines administered them. Again, others seemed bent and borne down with the weight of untold suffering. But the most appalling were those who seemed, not in trust, but in defiance, to doubt, fearlessly making mock, as it were, of Omnipotence, and deriding, with fiendish laugh, Almighty power, even whilst they looked on the mourners beside them ; many of whom were standing like lone and leafless trunks, which might be seen rising amidst a sudden and desolating flood, left parentless, childless, husbandless, wifeless—sole existing, without a friend, without a tie ; whelmed in one tide of devastation, those dear ones were but yesterday green as grass, fresh as the flower of the grass ; but the morning sun had scarcely risen before the scythe of death had laid them low ; its setting beam gleams over their graves, and their place is no longer known.

Mr. Seymour at last reached the inn, where he found a note from Bolton Manvers awaiting his arrival, mentioning that he was obliged to go to Mr. Courtney's; was sorry he could not return that night, as it was some considerable distance from G——; but trusted he would make himself at home in his lodgings. Mr. Seymour, however, had had enough of the streets for one evening, and was glad to remain within, in the snug quarters of a comfortable hotel; nor was he exactly in tone for a solitary musing. Mr. Seymour ever sought to banish unpleasant reflection, when that reflection could neither add to his own benefit or the benefit of his fellow creatures; there was but one occupant of the coffee-room besides Mr. S. Mr. Seymour was the most sociable of human beings, and bent his mind to all classes with ready willingness; he therefore soon entered into conversation with his companion, who appeared a respectable farmer. While Mr. Seymour was partaking of a hasty supper which had been brought to him,

he thought he saw this person look once or twice with something like a knowledge of him, but he took no notice on the subject ; and presently, as they became more intimate, each drew to the same table,—the one with his warm tumbler of brandy and water, Mr. Seymour with his decanter, glass, and cigar. As soon as the cigar sent forth its fumes, its benefits in keeping off present infection were discussed ; his friend contended that all precautions against the cholera were a fudge, for it was all the will of God ; and if it was to be taken, nothing could keep it away. In vain did Mr. Seymour reason upon the subject, that not to use all preventives within our knowledge was sinful ; that however a disease may be a visitation from the Almighty, that He has with disease equally sent the balm of medicine ; for, as throughout the whole scheme of Providence, we here ever behold judgment and mercy hand in hand—this led Mr. Seymour to speak of all he had witnessed on his way.

On the mention of the funeral, his companion became suddenly silent; but in the pause of conversation, drew his chair suddenly as close as possible; looked up in Mr. Seymour's face, with an expression that for the first moment made him draw back his own; and muttered, in a husky voice, "I have seen you before—it was at the bed of a dying penitent;" this was said with something between a grin and a smile, but a smile wholly given in bitterness—neither sweetness nor pleasure was there; his hitherto quiet, grave eye now flashed with a sudden glare; his nether lip was completely compressed, and drawn under his teeth; his healthful cheek was colourless, and the elderly, sedate farmer was wholly metamorphosed. Mr. Seymour naturally felt uncomfortable, moved off, and turned his glance in another direction; but the strong grasp of the man's hand pressed on his arm. Mr. Seymour's mind misgave him; he scarcely liked to look up at the person; perhaps he was thus suddenly seized with the awful infection,

as many had been. Still the man withdrew not his hold—his lip was still compressed—his face was pale—he essayed to utter something, but it was choked and indistinct. Mr. Seymour viewed him for an instant, and then sprang from his seat, saying, “Heavenly powers! what is the matter?” whilst his hand sought the bell-pull. “Don’t! don’t! nothing is the matter;” the voice was less thick, but agitation was visibly working through the whole frame of the speaker. He paused, and pointed to Mr. Seymour’s seat, who, half ashamed of his foolish and unfounded terror, resumed it. His friend drew again close to him as he said, “I will tell you all of that stag of hell, Judy Belldame, as they named her. Ah! you saw her, did you? carried to where she ought to have been many, many years ago. But God’s will be done. She was, I dare be sworn, left so long, that she might be the better educated for the company she is taken to; for she can learn nothing there that she did not practice and preach here. Do not think

badly of me, good Mr. Seymour, (yes, I know you,) when I say I rejoiced in, nay, watched, the touching, the wrenching, the ravings, the hideous distortions, the mad cry of thirst. I thought of the flames of the damned, of the one drop of water, of the fathomless gulf; but then I remembered the bosom of Abraham; I remembered my father, my sister, my friend; and, Heaven forgive me! I could not pity, though the cramps twisted, turned every limb, every feature; the very eyeballs seemed dissolved in their sockets; but I said it was an inquisition of devils had come up from hell to play vengeance on her, for staying from them so long. It seemed as if they said, ‘We have nothing to match with you amongst us—so come along. It is of no avail to fight us; you are ours, and we will have you;—we want you below;—you have done enough work on this side the grave for us.’” He ceased.

The man’s manner, language, and gaze at poor Mr. Seymour, bore nothing but the stamp

of a maniac. Yet Mr. S. could not but feel intense interest in what his companion appeared about to reveal. "Stop till I tell you,—you will not wonder then," continued he, as leaning his mouth close to Mr. Seymour's ear, he addressed him; his voice was painfully thick, though not raised much above a whisper—"she murdered my father—she ruined my only sister—she hung my dearest friend"—a laugh which only such a tale could call for echoed through the room. Mr. Seymour sat tremblingly excited, while his regards were transfixed on the speaker, whose whole demeanour verified the awful truth, and was at once a corroboration of the tale. The man's eyeballs seemed starting out of his head, his lip bled again as his teeth closed on it, and it was a relief to his companion when he threw his face on his open hands, and bent on the table, sobbing violently.

He remained in that posture for some time; at length, becoming calmed, he continued, "Do you remember, some years back, Sir, at W——,

being called on to attend the death-bed of a young, beautiful, but misled girl?" Mr. Seymour remembered it well; it was almost the first death-bed scene he had ever witnessed; he remembered, too, the agony, attention, and affection, of the sole attendant of the wretched girl—that one was his present companion, the brother of the half-frenzied penitent whose youthful and lovely countenance he had often spoken of since, and which, on her death-bed, offered a frightful contrast to the darkness of her mind; for though intervals of reason shewed a penitence for her crimes, her bewildered intellects disclosed a deep, tedious confession of guilt; and in that state she expired in an abode of utter degradation in the arms of her distracted brother; from whence she was borne, they said, to be buried in her native village. "That fallen creature was Lucy Lloyd, my only sister. The house she expired in was Susan Evans's—I shudder as I recall it all. You remember how she wildly called on her—how she prayed to be taken from that

roof—poor thing! she knew not that it was her father's murderer's." He again paused for a few moments—"But my sister's beauty was nothing to Susan Evans's—that very woman's funeral you saw this night; but you never saw her; never looked upon her in all her pride and innocence; never saw her, as I have done, in her hour of pain and death, or you would say this world never shewed such a contrast. It could be compared to nothing but what may be fancied the wicked one was before and after his fall.

"My sister was beautiful; but when we used to see Susan Evans of a Sunday, passing along through our little town, dressed with all her carefulness, and in all her best, we would all turn and look on her till we could see her no longer. Lovers after lovers sighed and courted handsome Susan Evans. Too many for Susan long to preserve a fame as perfect as her face and figure; her good name went—she lost her friends,—but her pride and finery increased. About this period my sister came to live at home, and my

mother died. Among the first lovers Susan ever had, was my earliest, dearest friend and kinsman ; she quickly forfeited his respect, and therefore he soon ceased to love her—he became the promised husband of my sister ; but if he ceased to love Susan she had really loved him. All efforts, however, to win him back were vain ; —from that moment the evil spirit never rested in her bad, vain mind. She cursed him in an hour of ungovernable fury, and she never forgot that curse. It was now that her character became formed, dark and violent. It assumed a colour which only grew blacker and blacker as day by day was added to her life. The world's scorn, instead of making shame recall her, seemed to render her bolder in sin. Alas ! my sister was motherless.

“ I fear often, notwithstanding her known bad name, Susan was in the habit of gaining my poor Lucy's ear. And dreadful to say, with all his knowledge of her character, my father became infatuated by the charms of Susan ;

nay, almost promised her marriage. Her former lover, my friend, was the only one who ventured to warn him against her ; but his warnings were attributed to selfish motives and to jealousy, in short to anything but the true cause. My friend told me his fears respecting my father ; but alas ! fatally, dreadfully, did the whole terminate. Never, never can be forgotten the frightful hour ; it was between twelve and one on a dark stormy night in December that my sister, pale as a corpse, rushed into my room ; she stood before me when I opened my eyes, like one risen from the dead.

“ ‘ Brother, brother,’ she screamed wildly, madly, ‘ Edwards has murdered our father.’ ”

“ ‘ Lucy, Lucy, what has driven you frantic ?’ ”

“ ‘ Frantic ! I am not frantic—come see—come see,’ and she rushed, screaming, from the apartment, stunned, stupified. I arose,—hours followed hours,—I saw the dead body of my father,—I visited even Edwards, his supposed

destroyer. It appeared like nothing but a dream, yet the first view of the scene is all at this moment before me. My murdered father lay stretched on the floor of Edwards' house, Edwards himself stood there, pale as the corpse on which his red and swollen eyes were fixed. The officers of justice were beside him; Susan and Lucy on their knees, weeping, groaning in agony over the body; the house thronged. What, what a night of suffering—that was!—the morrow came, and so on. Edwards was tried, condemned, and hanged, but was innocent. I knew, I felt he was; his last looks, his last words, have never left me.

“ ‘ Charles, I am guiltless, therefore I fear not to die; had I to die as most men die, I should not have known, perhaps, all the thought I have known in these my last days of anguish; I am the better for dying, then, the felon's death; and the world I leave for one of eternal blessedness only appears the more to be despised, as that I suffer the death of ignominy though innocent.

Beware of Susan Evans ; guard, guard my beloved Lucy.'

“ So confident did I feel that Edwards was not the murderer that I embraced him, and wept tears of bitterness at this our last interview. My sister never saw him, never would see him, from that fatal night. It was Susan who swore her former lover's life away ; she swore she had heard angry words between my father and Edwards, as she walked down the outside of the hedge that fenced Edwards' garden from a narrow lane, through which she was passing at the time into the town ; swore she saw him lift the hatchet that dealt the blow of death. Edwards had certainly been in my father's company not a quarter of an hour previous to his dreadful end, and both had been heard, by several, speaking as if in anger, as they were walking in the direction of Edwards' cottage. The hatchet which had dealt the death-blow was hid in some shrubs, close to the door of Edwards' house, — that door was open, — my father's

body was on its threshold,—and in that house Edwards, alone, was found, when the neighbourhood were alarmed by the cries of Susan Evans; nay, in its very passage he stood, pale and terrified; his mother and servant, who lived with him, being both absent. The proofs were strong, still I doubted, not that my suspicions fell on Susan, though my friends' certainly did; but I thought in her terror, perhaps, she might have mistaken Edwards for some other person. Soon after this tragedy, I was called from home; when I returned, a sister's fond welcome was not there. Sad, sad were the tales I heard instead; she had accompanied Susan Evans, no one knew whither. Three years passed away, and when I saw Lucy again, it was on that very day I first met you, the last Lucy ever saw; conscious guilt finally had deprived her of her senses, but still she had intervals of reason, as you heard; and in one of them, she wrote to pray I would come and bring her from her abode of sin and wretchedness; the rest you know."

“How did you discover that Susan Evans murdered your father? that you have not told me,” said Mr. Seymour.

“When I do so, you will scarcely believe that any human being could carry such venom within their breast, even to their dying hour; but so it was. A few days since I received a letter, saying, that if I would come up to the town of G——, I should be fully informed respecting the murder of my father, and the innocence of my friend Edwards, appointing the place and hour of meeting; you may be sure I lost no time. It is now upwards of twenty years since the deed was committed. I arrived late at night, but still I determined to travel to the place of assignation without a moment’s delay. When I inquired for the person mentioned in the letter, I was directed to the hospital, whither *she* had been conveyed in the last stage of cholera. And so absorbed was every thought, by the promise of the confession I was about to hear, that all horror and dread of entering that building, where pestilence and

death reigned on every side, never crossed my mind ; when I stopped at the door, it was opened by a wretched, squalid old woman.

“ ‘ Is Bess alive ? ’ was my first question, for such was the name assumed.

“ ‘ Yes ; I suppose she is not quite dead yet.’

“ ‘ Where is she lodged ?’

“ ‘ This way ; have you any camphor about you, for hers is a mortal horrid case ? the worst we have had, as she holds out the longest. She is a bad one ; she will tear your eyes out if you be a parson come to preach to her. Will, be old Bess yet alive ? ’ asked the woman who shewed me the way, as we now entered a large, dark, comfortless, dimly-lighted room, round which were spread several mattresses, and on them lay the dead and the dying ; but it was death, even as death is seldom seen ; devastating with the most dire, awful visitations, too frightful to think on, too hideous to tell of. Nothing human seemed visible in the expiring sufferers ; their groans, their execrations, were

more ghastly than their persons ; but still none looked, none spoke, as she whom I had come to visit. I can scarcely recall, without speechless horror, the remembrance of the livid, putrid, yet breathing skeleton, that started from the pillow, and sitting upright on her bed, fixed her hollow but glaring eyeballs on my face.

“ ‘ Ha ! ha ! the devil has heard my prayer, then, and you are here ; now I’ll rack the last of you and—and die while watching my power over you. Yes ! yes ! you were all given to me ; but come, I must make haste ; my time is not long, I know : what of that ? we are but a lump of clay—dead, and there’s an end of us ! You do not know me, do you ? ’ ”

“ Here the cramps of excruciating agony seized every fibre. I could not then look on her contortions,—I hid my face, for I feared my senses would leave me at this trying crisis, for hers alone were not the only death-pangs I had to witness ; on every side of me I saw them, heard groans, screams, nay, curses, but still I left not her side. I perceived it was only a

paroxysm of the disease. Again she spoke to me—

“ ‘What ! you do not remember me ? Well, so much the better ; you don’t forget, I suppose, John Lloyd, your father ? And though your father, he played many a game with the devil ; he was murdered, was he not ?’

“ The very blood seemed curdling in my veins, as the hideous hag went on—

“ ‘ Murdered in Edwards’ garden, not by man, but woman—do you remember ?’

“ Oh ! the ghastly looks she gave me as thus she rapidly questioned me ; yet I sat transfixed ; moved not, spoke not.

“ ‘ Yes, I say, by a woman, and a woman, too, he loved ; but she hated him ; yet to have saved herself from perdition she would have married him ; yes, while she would have died for one that despised her. She was a babe in sin then. Who dared despise the beautiful Susan Evans ?—yes, she was beautiful ; every eye, every tongue, told her so.’

“ I know it ; but what of her ? tell quickly, was Edwards innocent ? did Susan murder my father ?

“ ‘ Begone, or be silent,’ replied she in a raised tone, for all the other conversation was so low I could scarcely at times distinguish her words ; ‘ I said she was despised, even in her hearing he declared it. Your father would have married that Susan Evans ; would have saved her from that well Edwards first opened for her ; but Edwards would not even leave her that hope ; so from that hour she was given to damnation.’

“ A moment she paused ; I thought she seemed to shudder inwardly, but she went on rapidly again :—

“ ‘ Ay, but Susan made him swing for it. Yes, yes ; she saw him hang for it ; saw his handsome face black, livid, like this one,’ as she pointed to her own deathly countenance. ‘ It was a loving sight for Susan ; the false hound ! You, too, you thought you had him

for your sister; but she went to smoke for it with the rest of them. You remember it was on a dark December night your father lay murdered in Edwards' garden; in that very garden Susan Evans heard Edwards make your father swear that he would never dishonour himself by becoming her husband. His words were, "May the stroke of death annihilate me at the altar if I do." Though she heard all this, yet she determined to try her powers before your father quitted the town, which he had faithfully promised not to lose an hour in doing. Susan was to be seen no more. She waited at the garden gate for him—he met her as he came out,—they stopped—she tried all her powers—she failed. A bench was close to that gate—a large hatchet lay on it—you remember the hatchet. Susan Evans was the fairest maid of all the country round, but she was no chicken-hearted wench; her blood was hot; passion, rage, jealousy, disappointment, frenzy, fired her. She raised the hatchet—it struck your father's head—your father

dropped a corpse at Susan's feet. She stood a murderess above it ; thought came like a flash from hell to save her for yet deadlier sin. She raised the body—she even bore it to the door of Edwards' house,—all was still within, without ; unseen, unheard, she opened it—it was the back door—she placed the corpse on the threshold—she knew no one but Edwards was within—she threw the hatchet among the trees, gained the lane, and then the sight of habitations ! She screamed for help—help for him who was beyond all help. Her tale was told—she had seen Edwards raise the hatchet—she hoped that Lloyd still lived, — they came — they found Edwards, like a statue, looking upon his supposed work — it was a glorious moment for Susan. They seized on him who first had ruined, then trampled on her ; but now came her turn to tread down her despiser. How knew I all this ? for mark me well. Are these hollow, glaring eyeballs like the looks of Susan Evans ?—this livid, bloodless, spotted skin, the

rose and snow of Susan Evans's cheek ? See this grizzled hair ; are those her raven locks ? Is this her round arm ?" as she extended her long, fleshless limb, distorted by the cramps of disease. ' Can you tell me if that is her smile ? Is this like Susan Evans ?'

" And oh ! the grin of her toothless gums ; I almost screamed as the vile, wicked wretch stared up into my face.

" ' Answer me ; am I Susan Evans ?'

" ' No, no ! you are nothing of this earth.'

" ' Yes, but I am ; yes, as sure as they say heaven is above, and hell is beneath, I am Susan Evans—the murderess of your father—the destroyer of your sister—and, better than all, the hangwoman of Edwards. Have I not been avenged ? I am dying, but I would live to do the deed again, so sweet is vengeance. Now begone ; I would not have spared you but for this last pleasure, that, with my expiring moments, I might shew to the last of your race how deep was my hatred—how deadly my

vengeance for unrequited love. Begone, begone I say, or my curse shall be poured out upon you.'

" If instant death had struck me for my continuing, I could not have withdrawn my eyes from her. Her utterance was choked,—her body quivered and thrilled in every joint,—her whole flesh was darkened with a livid purple hue,—and then, with one giant hideous struggle, she was no more. My sight became dim ; I attempted to rise, but fainted, and was quickly conveyed here. It is now about four-and-twenty hours since I witnessed this scene, therefore you may judge how fresh it is all before me, yet I cannot say but something of satisfaction has arisen in my mind, as I now can vindicate the character of Edwards, and make *his* family happy, if I can never be very happy again myself in this world of sin."

On the following morning Lloyd and Mr. Seymour parted, Lloyd delighted with the faithful promise, that before the termination of the summer Mr. Seymour would pay him a visit.

But the impression which Lloyd's tale had made on Mr. Seymour was most painful. During that night he had scarcely closed an eye, or only found oblivion of himself to dream of murder, cholera, and death; and when he was awakened in the morning by the happy voice of Bolton Manvers, it was some time before the reality of things around him became familiar. But Manvers rattled and talked him calm again.

“ Well, Bolton, when am I to see Edith ? ”

“ Not till to-night, and then I shall leave you to find her out. We shall see if our tastes are not the same, though you are forty, and I am five-and-twenty.”

“ But how can that be managed ? ”

“ Why, we are to amuse ourselves the best way we can all day, and to-night we go to a grand ball in the neighbourhood ; at the friends where Edith is staying.’

“ A ball, Manvers ! surely, not at such a time as this.”

“ Why not ? never was more ready for the thing in my life ; what can make a man happier than the thoughts of being married to such a girl as Edith ? ”

“ I do not mean *that*, Bolton ; besides, I have not attended a ball for the last ten years.”

“ Then the greater novelty.”

“ But——”

“ What, surely you are not a conscience man on that point, illuminating to shew the darkness of your neighbours ? ”

“ No, it was not any disapprobation of such amusements ; but at a time this frightful disease is so prevalent, surely balls ought not to occupy our minds.”

“ Nor weddings either perhaps,” said Bolton.

“ Nonsense, Seymour ;—come, you must never mind the plaguy epidemic ; it won’t catch us.”

Mr. Seymour at length consented to accompany his young friend to the ball, though still his thoughts were fixed upon the scenes and relations of the past evening.

At ten o'clock Mr. Seymour found himself amidst the gay and festive throng. The ball was given at an old English mansion, near the town of ———. It was a fine clear night in June; moon and stars *lamp-lighting* the carriages that contained gallant beaus and fluttering belles, the anxious mammas and, most probably, cross papas, for papa seldom enters into the manœuvres of mamma, though not less pleased when success crowns her labour; but to-night all went sweetly as a marriage ball. Rooms blooming in wreaths of scented blossoms; summer's varied hues shedding odour and brightness on all around; while music, beauty, and light, with jocund gaiety, combined to complete the whole; and the saddest might have borrowed a ray of pleasure from a scene so joyous.

Manvers was buoyant with spirits though not with health; he had complained much all day, but he now laughed it off, and pleasure alone seemed to pervade both himself and Mr. Seymour. They had arrived late; and after the first in-

troductions, Manvers left him, as he said, " to quadrille it." Not long after, Mr. Seymour went to amuse himself by looking at the dancers; of course it must be Edith with whom Manvers was partner. Mr. Seymour looked at her, but was disappointed. Pretty she was, very pretty; but then so many are pretty, very pretty. Then that pert, constant smile, so like frivolity; a sans-cœur sort of coldness, too, in the whole expression. Mr. Seymour was always a quick scrutinizer of faces; her grave looks are cross, not sensible ones. Manvers gave a nod and smile, as much as to say, what do you think of her? Thought Mr. Seymour she will never be what my Mary is; and, more annoyed than pleased, he returned back to the room he had just left. The sofa was occupied by a fresh party, who had just entered, and standing near it, in a sort of alcove formed of evergreens and flowers, through which pale lamps shed a softened light, stood one of the loveliest young women Mr. Seymour had ever seen.

I wish, as he stood looking at her, *she* had been Edith Courtney. Her dress was of the purest white; her only ornament a string of pearls that encircled a throat as fair and swan-like as Mr. Seymour could imagine nature ever formed. One small ruby gem glistened on a brow where sense, rectitude, and judgment seemed enthroned, yet so soft, so unruffled, that it might be the brow of infancy; how little of art or labour was seen in the classic style of arranging that dark raven hair; the whole was the bust of very Grecian perfection. How lovely, thought Mr. Seymour, the blush of modesty and soul must shew on a cheek perhaps rather too tintless; and that pretty, innocent mouth, how gladdening the smiles to a countenance of such a character; for that fair one, as she now stood in calmness and beauty, unagitated, uninterested, was pensive and grave, almost to sadness. Yet Mr. Seymour, whose attention was rivetted on this sweet being with an interest that was quite delightful, could

observe the brightening and motion of the dark eye, as it occasionally turned towards the entrance, and could see that soul was not wanting when the touch was there to strike its fire. That's not the calmness of insensibility, the insipidity of uncultivated intellect ; improvement has banished frivolity here, thought Mr. Seymour. Education surely has not cruelly spoilt one so perfect in appearance. She has not been the nursing mother to all the vanity of display, in one so elegant, so graceful ; refinement must have chastened while she taught. Yes, that attitude, that figure, is as perfect as it is unstudied. Her form is perhaps slight to a fault, but yet she seems scarcely to have verged on womanhood. She is not twenty, speculated Mr. Seymour : he was a painter. I would give a great deal for the contour of that head and throat. It is dignified beyond any line a pencil ever traced. Who can she be ? How careless she appears to all around her. Mr. Seymour had cause to contradict himself the very next

moment. A sudden illumination suffused its light through face, form, and motion, as if by a magic touch ; as if a veil had been withdrawn from off a moonlit scene, to give it all the sunshine of summer's brightness. The joyous smile, the happy look, directed Mr. Seymour's eye to observe from whence the change drew its spirit. It was from the presence of Bolton Manvers ; and it was Edith Courtney that stood before him.

" Is she not beautiful ?" asked Manvers, when he came over to Mr. Seymour to introduce him.

" More than beautiful," was his reply. He looked delightedly at Bolton as he spoke, but was struck at once by his pale countenance.

" Are you ill, Bolton ?"

" Not particularly,—a little ; but come, let me present you."

Edith extended her pretty, fair hand to Mr. Seymour ; and before ten minutes were past, she felt as if he had been her father. For once Mr. Seymour was certain, quite certain, his imagination had not been playing Baron Munchausen ;

all that it had told him was faithfully true. There was something delicious to a man such as Mr. Seymour in contemplating the happiness of his young friend ; he who enjoyed such a home of blessings found the purest happiness in painting the future for another so loved as Manvers. And then to see his present sweet intoxication—the perfect centering of self in another—existing only in this dear, affianced one. The world buzzed around them, but they thought it was composed of but one.

And shall a cloud burst over such a glowing scene ? Is it possible that such an extent of all that is delicious to soul can know an instantaneous death ? Can the arrow of destruction find a course along such a calm serene ? And shall the blossoms wither and expire ere the hand can pluck them ? See, the blaze is glowing faint,—the festive music is hushing,—the light feet and lighter hearts are heavy,—the smiling eye is dim with tears,—the laughing faces—where are they ? But where are Manvers and

Edith? Can it be true? Yes, alas! but too true; the tender, the loving Edith is weeping now over the death-bed of her doting lover. What! that fair creature that but a moment since was joying beneath an existence of the most exquisite perfectness? "In the midst of life we are in death." We have seen a fair and beauteous scene smiling beneath a canopy of unclouded blue; we have seen the green branches of young trees fresh with vigour and life—have seen the banks and fields jocund with summer hues—seen a slumbering lake reflecting back on its waveless bosom each encircling object; yet ere the observer's eye has half drunk in the happiness of such a picture, he may behold those skies o'ercast,—behold Heaven's lightning laying low those green branches—scathed in blackness, behold the gushing showers descending. And where are the summer flowers? Behold the troubled water of the slumbering lakes, swept by angry winds; and where are its unbroken shadows? —scattered—gone,—so

past finding out are the ways of Him whose pavilion is darkness ; who ruleth the raging of the sea, and stilleth the waves thereof when they arise !

Mr. Seymour had been observing Manvers for some time, and became seriously alarmed by the sudden paleness that every now and then passed over his face. He had finished the dance with Edith, and on her commencing with another partner, Manvers stood alone, just opposite to Mr. Seymour, and the change to Mr. Seymour became fearfully perceptible. He saw Manvers lift his hand to his head, and then stagger back a few paces. Mr. Seymour knew not why, but even from the first, when he remarked the looks of Manvers, something which he felt a wish to banish came over his mind ; and the recent relations he had heard kept crossing him in frightful shadows, Banquo-like, to spoil the pleasure of the time ; therefore, when he saw Manvers thus seized, his mind was painfully excited ; he rather rushed than walked

to catch the apparently expiring body of his young friend. And the heartrending exclamation that he made as he held him sounded like a death-peal amidst the voice of merriment. No sooner had the words past his lips of, "Oh merciful God, he is dying!" than he repented of his incaution, for his eye caught the countenance of Edith Courtney. She neither fainted nor spoke, but to look at her was sufficient to tell all she felt. The music ceased—the dancers stopped—everything was awfully still, as from the room they bore away the cold, inanimate form of Bolton Manvers. An impulsive feeling thrilled through every member which composed this before gay assembly; and while a thousand kindnesses and a thousand restoratives were offered, a silent and untold dread whispered every heart that something fearful was in reserve.

What a school for reflection! yet at this moment reflection could scarcely come, for every sensibility was absorbed in regarding the havoc of such an unlooked-for, untold-of sorrow.

Many who never had feelings called into play before now gave all their anxious hopes, their best sympathies, nay, even their tears, to the fainting Manvers. What! the chord to snap when the instrument was strung to its richest harmony! It made the coldest tremble to look upon such a scene,—to see an instant before the graceful form buoyant with activity—the soul-speaking countenance, vivid in manly beauty, now reclining in helpless, hopeless weakness; now ghastly with paleness—fraught with all the agony of suffering and pain. The exulting, proud friend was now leaning over him in dumb despair; the sister, too, was with him—one only, loving sister — motherless — fatherless. Yet there was another, whose grief was deeper, sadder, than either friend or sister. She knelt beside his couch; once she spoke—it was to utter his name; he answered her:—“Edith, God’s will be done.” Then it was that tears came to save her burning brain from madness, but they were the last tears Edith Courtney

ever shed. The sound of carriage wheels was heard. Supported in the arms of the faithful George Seymour, Bolton Manvers parted from the house of revelry, which, ere midnight, he had entered the happiest of the happy, blest with no common lot; but now had the clock scarce told a morning hour when he was borne from it all but a lifeless corpse; the pulse of existence was not yet extinct, but energy of mind and faculty were no more.

To paint that sorrowing one, how vain; only those who may have seen a fond, innocent being, pure as devoted, thrilling with all the fresh enthusiasm of first affection, utterly wrecked at once in hope and heart, can tell what Edith Courtney looked and experienced, as she sat beside the bed of her expiring lover; no earthly hope was with her now. If hope she had, it was the hope that knoweth no death. In one hour, nay, in one moment, the world had nothing more to offer. Edith, in spirit and in soul, was dead; she lived but in eternity.

Pale, silent, but tearless, she was at his couch, attired as the bride of a happy, doting bridegroom, instead of a dying lover ; the ruby gem was still shining on her cold, marble brow and the braided locks. Still was she robed in the soft satin attire, while beneath the thick folds of her cashmere might be observed the heaving pangs of suppressed, unutterable calamity ; that anxious, watching eye sought no sympathizing glance ; that pallid lip spoke not to ask words of comfort ; but, like a model of the finest statuary, she seemed born but to reveal one character, and that was, the character of despair.

With eyes fixed on the fading countenance of her lover, sight, hearing, was absorbed in him ; did he stir, or his voice murmur, she was there to answer ; yet intervals of agony were his, such as she could not witness, then would she pass from the presence of all, save from that eye who knoweth all hearts ; on her knees would she ask for strength to bear on ; and when all was calm

again, you might see his hand, cold with pestilence and death, locked in her fevered grasp. To those loved, ministering friends who surrounded Bolton Manvers' last hours, the only ray that can throw light upon such moments beamed celestially ; for with the stroke came also the spirit of righteous submission. The resigned and fervent prayer was breathed forth amidst pangs of body ; amidst rending anguish of soul ; amidst strife of suffering and captivity of earthly bondage. An angel guide, with holy influence, seemed to have descended to lead him forth from the prison-house of dread and awful thralldom, to bid light shine through the darkness of his mind, to burst the gates of his mortal dungeon, and to call him to arise and come forth.

In a few brief hours the thoughtless, volatile being was transformed into the pious, dying Christian. So strong was this holy influence over his mental powers, that one who could have turned a thought from the dying would

have said those were the severer sufferers who were doomed to be the living ; when weeping friends knelt and prayed beside him, he seemed to drink in a new and before unthought-of existence. Once when he looked upon the fixed gaze of Edith, he wept, and the full tide of earthly wishes came back upon him ; yet in intervals from pain, he would say again, “ Edith, sorrow not, sorrow not, for how have we seen that mortality may not tell what the next hour shall bring forth ; though now change of heart to us, dearest, might seem as impossible as improbable as that change of body which a few hours has wrought, yet such things might have been ; and could we have lived through such a time ?—yes, Edith, had I lived to slight thy love, or thou to love me less than I feel you do at this moment, death, even as death has come, would be preferable ; but now shall our bridal be in heaven, and there, Seymour reads, shall be no sorrow, no more death. Pray, pray for me ; pray that, under Heaven’s pardoning mercy, the

same angel that I trust will bear me to those bright eternal mansions may carry thy spotless spirit thither also." And then would he be as if lost in fervent, earnest supplications; the last effort he made to speak was to request no distinction might be made with respect to his remains and the humblest who suffered under the same disease.

"Mark me, let no life be endangered. You my friends, for such goodness, a heavenly Providence I feel will guard; yes—yes." But still some bitter pangs were evidently felt at the thought of its possibility.

"Let one sable, simple tablet tell the tale; let it be placed, dearest, best of guardians, in the spot hallowed by your pious prayers every returning sabbath; let your tears, and those of Mary and your sweet children, sometimes refresh the remembrance of poor Bolton Manvers;—the very thought, Seymour, gives a comfort to these my last, my very last moments; for the sand is just run out. Edith," as he felt the tight grasp of her burning hand, "though this

mortal is putting on immortality, though about to quit all that belongs to this earth, yet strange, as if thou wert part of that essence of everlasting life, I cannot, may not, separate my soul from thine." His fading sight was still fixed on her, and his weakened hearing still drank in the small, low sound of her voice.

"True, true, Bolton, I am thine; I need no monument but memory; in that your image shall be enshrined;" and in these his last conscious moments he felt Edith was his for ever and for ever; though the grave received him, he would still live with her.

Twelve hours had told their number in the chamber of Manvers; hope had never glimmered for one instant to lighten its darkness; yet at last it came—he sank into a calm slumber. To look upon the still image of Edith, her breath seemed to be scarce allowed to pass her closed, white lips. Though faintly the light fell upon him, she watched; her eye never moved from the unmoved, sleeping countenance. Surely it could not be animated existence that lay so

motionless. One hour passed over; the second came; oh! the change it brought. The attached hearts beat sick—the trembling frames felt cold—the sight dim,—the painful intensity of such a moment none can tell but such as have seen the dying hours of the dearest.

Bolton Manvers woke from that calm slumber, and now came the trial—frightful trial; all save Edith and Seymour rushed screaming from the sight—a sight imagination could never reach, reality seldom reveals. Seymour knelt—poured aloud his prayers spontaneously to Heaven,—even Heaven itself seemed to have passed from the recollection of the wretched girl. Surely, surely, that could be no human countenance, that could be no human form, she bent over. She took the cold clammy hands in hers—she raised the ghastly head—wiped the damps of death from the livid brow—and poured moisture on the distorted lips, and looked still into eyes dissolved with disease. Her finger was on his pulse, and she felt it had ceased to beat.

Was there no sound to raise that cold still being that sat beside the bed of death?—was that spirit also fled to its mansions of eternal rest? No; she turned her head as she heard the sound of a voice deep in supplication. “ Bury, bury him not in that vile, unholy place; if all I possess can purchase but the spot for his grave, take, take it gladly. Bolton Manvers, brother, must you be laid in unhallowed ground?” It was sufficient; she rushed from the room into the next; and when Mr. Seymour entered, he found the two agonized girls on their knees to the clergyman of the parish, who had just called, who would not have refused the request, but it rested not with him; but they doubted still,—still trusted. “ It cannot, it must not, be done,” and frenzy seemed to speak in her tones—the flush came over her cheek. Again she paused—seemed to recall herself—and laughing wildly, loudly, she said, “ He is not dead—then where, where would you carry him? No! no! you shall not take him hence.”

They soothed, they spoke to the wretched girl, and a light seemed to break in upon her: —“Then he is dead, quite dead?” In the voice that uttered this there was something touching beyond any power but its sound to give the impression it made.

“Where, where would you bear him?—Is it not—yes—did he not bid us place within its holy precincts a monument to his memory?—to his memory!” and a smile of indescribable bitterness passed over her features. She paused, and seemed lost in thought; but when again she heard the voice of Emma Manvers—saw her again on her bended knee to the clergyman—she then at once embraced the full extent of their purposes, and all feeling was swallowed up by the awful fear that he was about to be laid in unhallowed ground—to mingle with his mother earth, where all was pestilence—there to be laid, unmarked and unknown; in a spot to which every heart would turn fearfully—to which every finger would point pale and horror-

stricken. Mr. Seymour, too, shuddered when he recalled the first night he had passed its precincts, and thought beside whom the noble, generous Manvers would he laid; he could not support the sight as he looked upon the two fervent beings who, with uplifted hands and supplicating prayers, knelt at the feet of the clergyman. On the haggard countenance of Edith hours had wrought the ravages of years; and never perhaps had the sinking sun gleamed on a more heart-rending scene, as it now threw its faint yellow beams on the melancholy forms of the two kneeling girls and Mr. Seymour; but the latter saw that to obviate this last trying misfortune was impossible; his usually calm, unruffled face was moved to agony; every line and feature bore testimony to the workings of the inward man; even the large tears fell from beneath his pressed hands, as they were raised to conceal the sufferings he could not subdue.

“Prolong not this maddening scene,” at last said Mr. Seymour. “Edith, dearest Edith,

let us not think of Ma——,” the name he could not utter; “let us not think of him as aught belonging to earth; let us, let us but dwell upon him in heaven.”

They attempted to draw her into her own room, but with one loud, screaming laugh, she rushed from them into the chamber of death, and with maniac fervour, seated herself on the now closed coffin.

“Move him not, move him not!” said she, frantically. “What! bury him where carrion alone ought to be laid! It is not earth for Christians. Begone, begone, I say.” The cold drops stood on her temples; her long hair was loosened from its restraint; a red, burning rim encircled her eyeballs, glaring with the wildness of madness, yet not a tear stood in them—not a tint in lip or cheek.

“What can, what must be done?—my reason will leave me,” said Mr. Seymour.

The clergyman drew Mr. Seymour aside; convinced him how completely out of his power

it was to comply with their wishes; but at the same time advised that he should appear to do so to Edith and Miss Manvers. After much exertion she became suddenly calm, as if listening; she sat quietly in the drawing-room; she spoke not, she moved not. At last she heard the footsteps descend with the coffin, and rushed to the window to view the procession as it passed from the house.

It was now dark; no moon, no star shone in heaven; the coffin was placed in that very hearse which Mr. Seymour had seen bear the corpse of Susan Evans to her last home. All things the same, save he who led the horse was the faithful, honest servant of his late master; he carried in his hand a lighted torch; a dark-green travelling carriage contained the clergyman and Mr. Seymour; and this was all that composed the funeral of him who a few days hence was to have passed from the same mansion a happy bridegroom. Where are colours, where are words, to paint such a change, such a

contrast?—none. The finger of Omnipotence indeed was here; but when the angel messenger of death descends to trace the characters of destruction in letters of fire, even in the very hall of revelry and song, what has frail mortality to do but read, tremble, and submit? Never had Mr. Seymour been so unmanned; he seemed to have lost all command over himself; he never drew his face a moment from the open window, for he felt a choking suffocation.

When he alighted from the carriage and followed up the hearse, he feared lest he should not be able to sustain himself; but he did so,—even advanced close, and earnestly watched the coffin as they lowered it down. All was arranged; Mr. Seymour raised his eye—was he deceived?—could it be a spirit of unearthly mould he beheld standing at the open, deep grave? The glare of the flambeaux fell on a figure, robed in white; motionless—still—nay, calm—it stood; he passed towards it,—a something of mysterious doubt held him mute,—the whole

group paused a moment—it was a moment of awful silence. Mr. S. again moved a step.

“ Speak not—look not on me,”—said Edith Courtney. “ Go on—go on—finish !”

They did proceed—the earth crumbled over the coffin, speaking its dread tale to the midnight air. The voice of prayer, too, arose to Heaven ; ascended on high ; wafting, as it were, the soul of the departed one to its mansion of eternal rest. Neither groan nor sob was heard ; the pangs of such agony are far too deep for earthly sound to reveal their acuteness. The last look was given ; the footsteps tracked back their measured way ; the horses’ feet trotted along the dusty way ; they entered the streets—all was hushed, save the loud toll of the cathedral bell, and the report of guns, as they sent their purifying discharges through the polluted atmosphere. No one voice had spoken to the other.

Edith was still,—so still that when the lights of the town occasionally fell on her cheek,

Mr. Seymour trembled to touch her, for he feared he should not touch a living being. And when he took her hand, it was cold as death. He put his fingers to her pulse,—did they beat? Her eyes were open—but no speculation was in them, and her head rested on the back of the carriage.

“She, too, is gone; drive, drive quickly,” said Mr. Seymour. They stopped at their door—the form of Edith Courtney was lifted from the carriage; it was cold, but it was not lifeless; it lay motionless till the morning sun had risen and set; the torpor of body passed off; the blood circulated slowly through that lovely form—once more Edith Courtney spoke again, nay, smiled. But how?—not as Edith was wont to speak and smile;—she was an idiot,—an *idiot* beyond all hope.



WILD WILL OF THE HILLS;

OR,

A TALE OF THE SEA.

“ And now I’m in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea ;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me ?” BYRON.

“ And now his limbs were lean ; his scattered hair,
Seared by the autumn of strange suffering,
Sung dirges in the wind ; his listless hand
Hung like dead bone within its withered skin ;
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone
As in a furnace, burning secretly
From his dark eyes alone.” SHELLEY.

HAVING obtained leave of absence from my ship, on account of a bad state of health, I gladly hastened to pay a visit to my native mountains and lakes in the north of England. It was some years since I had beheld them and

a much-loved mother and sister who resided in Cumberland.

I had not been many days at home, when, after landing with a party from a boating excursion, I returned unattended to my little skiff, and fearlessly put out again ; for heaven and earth breathed nought but peace, and the summer zephyrs stole along the sunny banks and over the blue waters softly as lover's whispers ; but suddenly, as is often the case amidst these mountain lakes, the sky became darkened, and the wind rushed down the lofty sides of the mountains, sweeping the waters, which a moment before had been placid as an infant's slumber, every instant increasing their restlessness and foam. My little bark flew before the gust as a feather in the blast ; yet to me it seemed but mimic play, who so often had been tempest-tost on the Atlantic waves. Regardless of my situation, I gave the tiny sails to the angry winds ; but no sooner had I done so than I had to repent of my recklessness, for the rain poured

down from the clouded heavens in torrents, while the storm filled and swelled the sails beyond control. Any attempt to direct a homeward course appeared fraught with the greatest danger; yet I persevered, and was nearing the land, when a tremendous squall flung the boat completely on her side; nothing but swimming could give a chance for life; and now I felt the horrors of my situation, for, labouring under much debility from a recent illness, how could I hope to gain that shore which was scarcely to be traced through the mist? On, on, however, I struggled; but soon, from my great weakness, each effort became more and more painful to me, and hope had nearly deserted me, when I thought I could discern the figure of a man standing on a rock, making signal to attract my attention. Hope rekindled; collecting all my strength, with desperate effort I made my way towards the rock, and now I could distinctly see his eager, anxious face encouraging me on, but, alas! my strength was exhausted

ere I could reach him. With a cry of agony I sank. Consciousness did not return for some hours ; when it did, I found myself extended on a bed in a small apartment of an abode of the humblest nature, and my preserver standing beside me with looks of anxiety and kindness ; on recovering, I begged to know to whom I was indebted for so much, indeed, I might say, for existence.

The first glance almost which I cast on the countenance of my deliverer told me, however time and suffering had changed it, that it was one with which I had been familiar.

I started ; but instantly recollected my situation—yet not so quickly, but that my emotion was perceived, which rather confirmed my suspicions. I determined not to be the first to reveal the knowledge openly, for I felt that such a course at least was due to him from the late circumstances, and the new relation in which we now stood one to the other ; therefore, in gratitude, an affectation of ignorance, however

difficult it might be to sustain it, was on my part to be assumed. I asked again, "To whom was I indebted?"

What a change came over that care-worn, sunken visage in a moment; it brought back scenes of dread and awful recollection. The last time I had looked on that countenance, the same fiend-like darkness was upon it; for revenge and passion, deep as that which gleam from the condemned denizens of hell, was there. Yet was the natural glow which it was wont to shew scarcely less bright than what imagination might give to those fallen spirits, ere pride had worked their ruin, and exiled them for ever from their high destination.

Inwardly I shuddered when I looked at the man who stood before me, and thought of my debt to one whose stain of guilt was so deep that it appeared to me almost impossible for even the tear of penitence to wash it out. How great was my power; but he had now rendered me powerless, for to him I owed the

very means which had given him to me. His life was in my hands; but had he not saved me from death. He saw at a glance the struggle I was undergoing. He seized my arm; I trembled at his touch, and instinctively shook it off as I would a serpent's coil; for a space we stood face to face gazing into each other's countenances, with looks no words could define. Nothing but the flashing eye,—the quivering, paled lip—the burning, knit brow—the hot, suffocating breath, and blanched cheek, could give a glimpse of the rush, the tide, of overwhelming recollections to each. I paused—I could not speak—but gratitude became triumphant. I sank on a seat, and a convulsive sob of hysteric agony dissolved the awful silence. He waited a moment until my emotion had subsided. “Can you know me again?” His voice deepened—it became hollow, almost sepulchral, as he continued—“I have just preserved your life; not but that I am as reckless of your thanks as I am of my own existence,—not so of

your power over my destiny. Beware! you know all I dare do,—let me not save to rend; for think not”—and as he continued, his form rose to its full height from its before bending habit, his sallow cheek flushed, his sunken eye flashed—“think not I have escaped the perils of the ocean, the terrors of desolation, the knife of the murderer, and the fury of the savage of the desert,—that I have wandered over unpeopled regions—stood on the very confines of this earthly globe—trod where man’s foot never passed—gazed on regions man’s eye never saw before—been alone, as it were, in creation, and felt as if I was the sole inheritor of God’s gift of mortal life—for what, think you? to be given up for gazing multitudes to hoot, to wonder at, and to gibbet? No! no!”—a laugh of frightful horror echoed through the wretched habitation. “But how identify me? do not I stand before you as one arisen from the caverns of the ocean? Look not I to you as one of the accursed legion of the tomb?” He

paused a moment ; his countenance changed to an almost angelic bearing as he raised it to heaven.

“ Where for me is the saving power to bid that spirit begone ? Yet there are moments, too, when the thunder of past existence seems to sweep itself far away, and the thick dense clouds of former recollections to vanish from my aching sight, revealing the blue ethereal, unstained by suffering, unpolluted by the vapours of earthly corruption. You know me ! But I fear you not ; there lives but one who would betray me,—it is he alone who worked me to the deed that mars my soul. Your honour I would trust ; but man is weak ; of that let my life of suffering tell. In weakness I fell, while I imagined I was upheld in strength, and in the dreamy slumber became powerless ;—but enough—what boots it to tell you ?—you know the tale !”

He paused, and considered a moment. “ How can I bind you ? Here, sole companion of my solitude !” he handed me a small Bible, “ here,

swear, that to no living mortal you will reveal the knowledge of my existence, nor to any breathing soul disclose the transactions of this day ; and when you either see or hear of Mad Will of the Hills, will evince entire ignorance of him." He stopped, and fixed a searching eye upon me—"What ! you cannot—you do not hesitate ! Impossible !" I felt, indeed, it was impossible. With a trembling hand I took the book, and with a quivering lip I swore the oath ; though I could not but own justice demanded a far different course ; yet instinctively was I drawn towards him ; for had not mental suffering wrought a sorer punishment than law could ever inflict ? nor could I leave him, without a grateful acknowledgment again of what I owed to him as the preserver of my life. As I did so, he seemed warmed, and a brighter glance kindled in his sunken countenance.

"Perhaps," said he, extending his hand, "I may yet ask a fulfilment of some of these acknowledgments ; shall I ask in vain ?"

“ Certainly not ; but you know how I am situated and the commission I hold.”

“ You are posted of course before this ?” said he.

“ Some time since,” I returned.

A bitter pang seemed to pass over his recollection, and he held the door a moment in his hand without noticing me ; but recovering himself, he opened it, and turning once more to speak, he said, in his deepest tone of voice—
“ Remember, I this day saved your life ; should you seek this humble habitation again you endanger mine. One request more—will you visit it, however, at my dying hour ? that hour is not far distant.” I promised to comply with his request, provided I had not quitted the country.—
“ That is,” said he, “ England. Farewell till then.” When we separated, I looked around me, but neither path nor habitation shewed me whither I was to bend my course from the wild intricacies of wood and mountain on every side.

The hut stood buried in a rich foliage of massive oaks ; a small rustic enclosure fenced

it on either side, save at the back, where rose in perpendicular height a ragged mountain cliff, which bore off towards the margin of the lake, that was partially discernible through the vistas of the trees. What a sabbath stillness pervaded all around, unbroken but by the roar of a distant waterfall ! I knew that to bear in that direction would lead me towards home, and therefore, following the sound, I soon discovered a well-tracked footpath. The mist and storm was past ; every bush and branch glistened in the pearly sparkles of the by-gone shower, as they reflected the sinking sunbeams ; the lake's stilled bosom shewed, too, a sheet of liquid gold, as it caught the departing glances ; the little birds were hymning forth their last notes ; the sweet-scented flowers were shedding a fresher odour on the evening gale ; and the hum of declining day was pouring forth its lulling music in soothing communion. For a short space I lingered to gaze on each lovely object, and to listen to nature's breathing tones. What

a glorious world ! My eye embraced a view of the sunlit landscape—mountain, lake, and wood, shaded, yet glowing—varied, yet brightening, beneath the changing lights of coming twilight ; yet, with all this, we cannot feel contentment or joy !

Man, ever restless man, confiding in his finite capabilities, would erect a tower of Shinar in a wilderness of his own creation,—would hope to reach the mansions of ceaseless blessedness, by vainly erecting a stepping-stone between earth and heaven ; but, no ! in his restlessness he crushes the flowers that strew his path, and finds too late he has only extracted poison from their bloom.

As I found the night drawing on, I quickened my pace, fearing my long absence from home would occasion no small alarm. When I reached it, a tale was soon invented ; the boat had been capsized by a sudden squall ; I had escaped to land, and had been delayed in drying my wet attire at a neighbouring cottage.

Some months had now past away, when one day I received a note, which, on perusing, I found was from my friend of the hills. It ran thus :

“ My hour is come—fulfil your proffers of gratitude—visit me at one to-night—to-morrow may be too late—send back yes or no.”

I returned, written on a piece of paper, simply—“ Yes.” It was a painful, I might say a fearful duty; the lateness of the hour; the loneliness and mystery, and still more the crime and guilt, attached to the individual that I was about to visit, one, too, with whom perhaps I was, rather than otherwise, connected; but I had consented; thoughts of personal danger faintly arose in my mind—he knew his life was in my hands—he might have heard of my intended departure, and purpose to take from me that life he had preserved, fearing to trust me; had he not once evinced a frightful determination in the perpetration of crime? But he tells me he is on his death-bed. I will not waver, but fulfil my promise.

The hour came, and I took the path to his habitation. It was a night at the end of autumn; the lights had disappeared from every cottage long ere I passed near their now slumbering inhabitants;—and before I had gone far, not a star was visible; and riven clouds of threatening crowded over a pale and sickly moon. All sound had vanished as if affrighted at the rolling thunder, as it echoed amidst the fathomless darkness of the deep ravines; the forked lightnings shot from one end of heaven to the other, and glared across my path with fearful brightness.

When I reached the hut I felt myself almost unmanned; I paused a moment, then lifted the latch, and at once found myself in the presence of its wretched inmate; he was stretched on a miserable bed, a dim lamp threw its feeble glimmerings on his emaciated and dying countenance; the shade of expiring life was around the parched mouth and sunken eye; the cheek was hollow and already of corpse-like lividness; the knell

of death sounded, too, in the thick, languid voice. I started when I perceived how quick and busy decay had been since I last saw him, and my heart felt sorrowed to contemplate such sad ravages. He extended his hand towards me,—I took it, cold and clammy; the dew of death was on it, but I prest it warmly in mine, and a faint consciousness seemed to animate his before motionless form.

He said, "Heaven will reward you for this. Is it not a fearful thing for such a man to die on a night like this? Ah! is that light from above or from below?" as the lightning flared on his colourless visage. "The voice of thunder calls me hence," continued he, "come, let me be brief. My very breathings are numbered." He ceased,—I thought he was gone. I sat motionless, but again I heard the expiring effort as all was stilled, and the roaring thunder hushed. His eye dimly turned, I followed its direction and perceived a sealed packet on his pillow. His lips moved, I faintly caught the

words, "Read it, my son,—pardon, Heaven, pardon the guilty."

Again the lightning gleamed, the thunder rolled, but my preserver was asleep with his fathers;—no light nor sound disturbed that sleep, nor shall, till the trumpet of the archangel arouse him from the bed of death.

I hastened to the nearest cottage, and aroused the inmates. I related, briefly, that the poor man who was called Mad Will of the Hills had just expired. They seemed no way surprised, but much grieved, for they bore strong testimony to his unbounded charity and benevolence. They also gave me a note, which he desired should be delivered immediately after his death, wherein he requested me to communicate with a relative who resided in Scotland, with regard to the funeral, &c.—that no stone was to mark his resting-place, and that any money found in his desk, over and above the funeral expenses, was to be divided amongst several individuals whom he named.

Once more I bent my steps homeward, determining on the morrow to call upon the clergyman of the parish, and reveal all I knew respecting this late singular being. I did so, and he advised that no publicity should be given to the story, in which I perfectly accorded.

Six months after my first encounter with him, I followed him to the grave, nor could I help giving a tear to a fate written rather in darkness than guilt; to one who was more the child of error than of crimes,—the victim of passion, though not of vice,—crushed for ever by one fatal step, from which neither time nor his own judgment could release him.

It was with no small impatience I hastened to read the manuscript he had given into my hands. It was addressed to his son, and ran as follows :

STORY OF WILL OF THE HILLS.

It is now many years since I first drew my breath in one of the loveliest spots Britain can boast. My father, though not wealthy, was highly respectable; being fond of seclusion, he retired very early in life to a small estate in Cumberland, where I was born; but, while almost in infancy, I was sent to live with an uncle, who resided in the Orkneys. From this circumstance may I date all my misfortunes. Here, unbridled in all my wishes, I acquired a daring independence which ever, in after life, spurned at the slightest check; I bowed to no superior, for I had never known a master; I scorned all control, for I had never felt correction, while every object around me tended rather to encourage than restrain the blind affection of my good uncle. Accustomed only to the society of the free and hardy sons of this remote and wild region, my character naturally acquired its hues from the colouring,

not only of these my sole companions, but from the bold and uncultivated scenery which everywhere met my contemplation. The ocean was the home of these free sons of the North, so it became mine. While riding on the angry billows, or looking on the foaming surges that ceaselessly laved the rocky bulwarks of our isles, I felt a soaring of spirit boundless as the world of waters on which I was wont for hours to career ; but suddenly I became restless as the countless waves,—gloom took possession of my once gay buoyancy,—I longed to traverse far and wide this vast element,—I longed to be yet more free—to pass from ocean to ocean,—longed to seek the globe's very confines ; the narrow space of land on which I dwelt was far too circumscribed—that very sea on which I once so joyed now seemed a chain-girt barrier to the accomplishment of my hopes and wishes—and the home of my uncle became as a prison to my fevered brain ; but my request to enter the navy was positively refused. It was the first opposition I had ever met with ; and now I

began to disclose those darker shades of my wayward disposition, for I was insensible to the pain such a request gave to my fond uncle. Reckless of all but self, I now felt, too, that I inherited some of the strongest and deepest passions of man's nature; I loathed the very sight of this all but parent; sullen and morose to my companions, I shunned their society; I spurned all their proffered kindnesses; I was deaf to persuasion, insensible to all affection; revenge, nay, hatred, took possession of my once devoted love for my uncle; this was more than the old man could bear, and with tears he at last consented;—no sooner was my wish obtained than I felt humbled and owned the madness of my former conduct, but relented not for a moment in my purpose. My repentance was accepted, if that might be called repentance which originated in the compliance to my will, and not in sorrow for my fault; but let it have been what it might, I felt I was now the happiest of created beings.

Alas! my son; what are realized anticipations?

—golden apples of dust. Never did youthful imagination riot as mine did in all the picturings of high-wrought ambition; and what am I now?—that you have to learn. How buoyant was every thought! I felt as if I longed for wings to sweep over the boundless space that stretched around me; I envied the very birds that flew above me, that they knew no stay as they took their path to other climes. How busy was fancy with those climes, and all their strange and unknown wonders! My mind, like a magician's spell, created things of impossible existence. What a world of my own did I dwell in! but the time approached, and the summer of all my hopes was to know its ripeness; but where is the sun of this earth that ever shines on the perfection of human wishes? they, alas! ever canker in the bud, and are lost in a winter of storm and darkness. When I turn to the remembrance of the first parting from my uncle and parents, how selfish was my joy; for bitter and deep was their sorrow;—it seemed prophetic

of my future history. Yet I felt not for them, so wholly was I absorbed in my own prospects ; but still let me, in slight justification, say, even this took its origin from my earliest habits ; for I had ever been taught to look upon myself as the primary object in all circumstances ; this was the rock on which all my earthly prospects were wrecked, nay, perhaps my eternal ; but like the gay and gallant vessel which sweeps over the lucid waters, and loosens her sails to woo the very power that brings her on destruction, I saw not the shoals which lay hid beneath this fatal indulgence,—I perceived not that the syren zephyrs which wafted such freshness were bearing ruin on their wings.

It would be vain to tell you of all the darkenings of my boyish anticipations. All I say is, one year had changed all my fabled picturings ; still I loved and was devoted to my profession, but I was unfortunate in my commander, not wholly so in relation to *his* character, but more in respect to my own coming in contact with

it. It was one stamped by traits which both education and habit had rendered peculiarly unpleasing to me. A bright and lofty virtue he possessed—it was bravery. To this all gave voice alike. It was this virtue which, in my first career, exalted him in my fervid imagination to the standard of a hero, and consecrated him in my youthful heart a chosen idol of devotion.

So bright did the light of this one virtue shine out that under its influence I became dazzled and blinded to all minor considerations. I loved him as a son,—I obeyed him as a slave; but the time was to come when I was to learn, that even in the most distinguished, one shining quality is no guarantee that each and all parts are in bearing; that though the whited sepulchre may shew fair without, that all may be rottenness within; though the laurel may flourish in freshness over the grave of decay, that its root is nourished by corruption—it blooms but to mock that beneath; and strange to say, so constructed is man's mind that while bravery

strongly grew and lived in the breast of our commander, the soil it sprung from was polluted by meanness and suspicion—a meanness and suspicion of a character so low, so unmanly, that you almost felt more for the degradation of mind which could so sink, than pain in the consciousness of being its object. He, the tool of such humbling vices, was ever ready in exercising power over all within the sphere of his sway, not alone content with using that which most necessarily belongs to a commander, but, ever active in the severe discipline of petty coercion, the tyrant never slumbered on his throne. Still, till now, I loved him, nay, bent under the weight of such a man's kindness; but conviction came at last, came slowly,—slowly as the cold stealing of a winter's dawn—not less chilling. Calmly I submitted to the first mean suspicions—degrading, galling they were—that “we had purloined from his private stores.”* Would we brook this thought? They pursued me like a demon, and at last plunged me

* Note (A.)

into the very depths of crime and wrong. I had now been nearly two years under his command ; experience had perhaps somewhat damped my first glow of admiration for my profession, but it had in no part lessened or subdued the fiery flame of my natural temperament ; and now that a doubt, a weakening of confidence, in my commander had once been imbibed, he no longer held a curb wherewith to check my fervid spirit ; and that impulse which first led me to embrace the profession had rather been increased than decreased while under its direction. All around me breathed of freedom—the boundless ocean which shewed no limit ; the very heavens extended to my eye in the clear and sunny climes we were at the period I speak of passing through ; and then the glorious unthralled life of the innocent and joyous people we had been dwelling amongst,—though unlettered, the very soul of refinement breathed through every action,—though uncultivated, man's dearest and sweetest sensibilities animated

every thought—untaught, nature had endowed them with her best capabilities ; theirs was not the ignorance of the savage, but the innocence of infancy ; every baser passion was cradled, nor had as yet walked forth to deface God's fair creation. What a contrast !—our captivity to one man's petty power to their undarkened freedom ; and I turned to review the men's minds that surrounded me—how deformed, how debased,—we had indeed tasted unto death. I felt the evil spirit whisper in my ear ;—I felt the galling chain around me ;—I would willingly have followed the dictates of the one ; I would gladly have wrenched the other ; but how was it to be done ? Could I, single-handed, redress the wrong ? In silence and gloom I brooded over my sufferings. What ! purloin from the commander's private stock ! The deep, deep blush of manly indignation burned on my cheek. I paused, reflected, nay, reasoned. It was but the vision of high-wrought agitation ; surely no hand had written in cha-

racters so dark. It could not be true; then let me not stop to read, but still mingle with the festive scenes of life. No! the magicians would not be hushed,—would interpret the sentence and shew the hard saying. At his voice my thoughts were troubled, my countenance was changed. Deadlier and stronger feelings arose; I felt maddened when I recalled his former kindnesses—I writhed under their consciousness—my blood boiled—I felt a suffocating weight. What a period of suffering was this between the thought and the act; agony and revenge, like a serpent of fire, coiled round my every power, with spectre hideousness haunted my waking and sleeping dreams; no charm could lay the deathless spirit. Was it for this that I was created?—was it for this that the soarings of young imagination on eagle wing had borne me on?—for this had I left my mountain home?—for this had I severed the dearest and noblest of man's affections?—for this had I bid defiance to danger and toil? No felon stamp

ever shewed a more damning character than this stain of accusation. If life be the forfeit, better forfeited than dragged on beneath the giant contumely of such reproach. In silence, however, I bore it, and in secret resolved. It was, to form a raft and endeavour to make my escape to Tefon, but I determined to involve none other in the crime, if crime it might be denominated, under the circumstances I was then placed in.

We were now on our homeward voyage, nor had we long quitted the smiling land of Otaheite. No spell caused me to regret its loveliness; yet was there something so stainless connected with it; the remembrance, like itself, was all brightness—so sunny its canopy, so glossy its waters, so fresh its flowers,—a welcome was found beneath every roof,—the fountain of affection flowed in one current of unpoluted kindness. All the pleasures springing from the purest source, from nature and from nature's charm, where nought faded, nor languished, nor mourned; where the voice of glad-

ness ceased not, the merry-hearted sighed not ; where all might find a refuge in the storm, a shelter in the heat, a joyous spot. But what part had I with such recollections ? I was desolate, lost in moody fitfulness, shrouded in suffering, and worn down with haggard thoughts. Yet I fain would linger here, though a whirlpool eddies beneath, and I stand but on a single plank. I said my resolve was in secret. The night drew on. The racking torture of that night ! He who goes to his prison cell—that dark cell from which he is to pass with the morning’s dawn to the bourne from whence no traveller returns—never felt severer torture than I did on the night I am about to speak of. Yet was it a night of Heaven’s own creating.

In the morning the commander had again poured forth his accusing voice ; and whether he had perceived the deep and deadly wound he had inflicted, and would now have administered some healing, I know not, but he invited me to sup with him. It was too late, however—no

mortal power could stay the fixed, immovable purpose—the canker was rooted once and for ever. I refused. What ! partake of that board I had been accused of purloining from ! And still less could I, fixed as I was in my purpose, nor would I, feign allegiance to one whom I was determined to rend for ever from me. No ! though the demon spirit burned within me, still could I not play the Judas. I was about to fall, but it was in pride, not in guilt. It was a frightful step, but inwardly I felt more exalted than humbled in taking it ; but who shall dare say—here stay, and no further ?—who can promise to fling from him the deadly draught, when temptation whispers—taste, thou shalt not surely die ? Where is the godlike essence which from the pinnacle’s height may be shewn the world’s mighty empires, and, unvanquished, turn and bid the foul spirit be gone ? I fondly flattered my haughty soul that it was with the purpose of high-wrought feeling I was about to act ; and that no new project, however promising, would

bend me from it; but fatally, on that very night, I had to experience all man's frailty, all man's weakness. And such a night! the spangled heavens glittering above the still ocean—the zephyrs whispering in sighs—the silence of the vessel's crew—all tokened of calmed peace, more impressive in its subdued holiness, since such a war of passion was within me. To look upon immeasurable space so hushed, and to think my little soul battled and raged with agitation more impulsive than ever woke these now slumbering elements: could I ever know such repose as this?—no, never, but in the grave. In the grave, and what was there? yet are all things called into existence but to know decay;—even this mighty deep will pass away, those shining lights will melt with fervent heat and be no more: come it must—matters it when? it will be but a few brief years. I looked back to gone-by time—deeply sighed to think of all my visionary hopings. I pressed my hand to my heart, and felt the cold sea-lead strike like an

ice-bolt to my burning chest; and I shuddered when I thought of my purpose; for I had tied the sea-lead round me, determining, should I fail as I had intended, in escaping from the vessel by the raft which I was about to form, to perish in the waves; to effectuate which more certainly I had hung this about my throat; but now it seemed to strike me with the chill of death,—bid me reflect whether in thus rushing on self-destruction, I should find a termination to my suffering—did not something say, shall not light burn in other worlds? What avails it, then, to rush on self-destruction, if, like those stars above, which now shine with lustre, the living soul finds no quenching power, though to mortal seeming, as those shining spots, it may set and pass from man's observation. There is no decaying for the soul: will it not bear with it that spark of life which the worm cannot touch, which time cannot destroy? In death, then, there is consciousness; there lives that which knows no decay. I paused; how gloriously rode the large round moon along its

celestial path. What an angel spirit was stamped on all things—so beautiful above, around so unbroken, so clear—every sound lay pillowed, save the rippling wave that just touched the side of the almost motionless vessel, or the occasional footfall of one of my companions. He addressed some commonplace observation to me, and we then entered into conversation; in its course, as I looked up, the moonlight partially fell on a far-off speck of land—it was the island of Tofoa.*

I asked him, “if he thought it would be practicable to reach that land in such a calm as the present on a small raft?” Whether my tone of voice or manner betrayed me I know not; but he fixed a searching eye on my face, seeming more as if he would question me than return an answer; and we were both silent till I again said,

“Why do you hesitate to tell me what you think?”

* Note (B.)

“ I do not hesitate to reply to your simple question; but I hesitate to give vent to all the busy thoughts *it* has led to. Will you answer me one question? Had you not more meaning than merely met the ear? was it simply to know my idea of the danger of such a project, that you asked the practicability of it?”

Again we paused, and my friend gave a more searching look at me; our eyes met, and in a moment an understanding seemed to be awakened between us that we both meant more than we dared utter. I was the first to speak :

“ You think, then, there would be danger in such a scheme ?”

“ Certainly, very great; but why do you not answer me? What led you first to put the question to me?”

I thought for a moment I had better not involve another. I turned it lightly away, remembering he had formed an attachment at Taheite.

“ Why, perhaps,” said I, endeavouring to

disguise all my feelings at the moment, “perhaps I was dreaming of how happily you and Maida might dwell at Tofoa, and how easy an escape might be made by means of a raft,—for few who could fly the commander’s mean accusations would labour under them.” I shall never forget my friend’s countenance when I ceased to speak. It was the brightest joy overshadowed in an instant by the darkest disappointment.

“Escape, indeed; but no, no, the thing would be impossible.”

“I do not think so.” I felt angry at the bare suggestion that it could be so, and I at once forgot and betrayed myself; for I added, “I will prove it otherwise.”

“Commit not such madness, such self-destruction!”

“Think you I fear for life?—away such coward reasoning.”

My friend scarcely seemed to mark my reply, so lost was he in deep thought. At last he said,

“ Why should the innocent suffer for the guilty? If any life must be sacrificed, why should it not be the man’s who has transgressed?”

“ What! what do you mean?” asked I, almost frenzied by the quick-coming thoughts; sickened, I turned from him, and without waiting his answer I was moving on;—he laid his hand on my arm—

“ Stop—perhaps you think I would propose a severer punishment than was my intention; I would only place his life in the same peril that you were going to risk your own.”

“ No, no; see here; I tremble not to lose existence; see how determined is my wish to do so,”—I shewed him the lead.

“ It must not be.” Again I would have left him. “ Listen; you fear not to entrust your own life to the waves; is that less murder than to give another’s?—one or other I see must be forfeited, or at any rate run the chance;—it will not be you alone who will consign *him* to

such a chance. Many, many, if not all the crew, will gladly, joyfully, fling the"—he whispered the word in my ear—"the captain's vile carcase to the fishes. Damn him,—let the tyrant rule over them, not over his fellow man; let him go look for stolen meats in the bottom of the sea."

What a moment was this! I could not speak; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; I felt parched—suffocated; I trembled in every limb.

"Speak no more—speak no more;" yet I at last hoarsely replied, "Let us think upon it if we dare," and I turned from him; but what did I turn to,—all was turbulence—torturing emotion within me? Hopes terrible and dark came to me; questions of possibility arose; I began to imagine what could be the full intentions of my friend. Then was curiosity aroused, I would ask him—perhaps it might be feasible, without endangering life? If it was only suffering we were about to inflict, did not our own call for such a return? Alas! what

stepping stones do we use in crossing the deadly waters of pollution, vainly trusting they touch us not with contamination !

The morning watch had come, and the brightening dawn was breaking over the purple waves ; the whitened sail gave fuller swell to the freshening breeze ; and the sun, just rising, was about to pass on his way rejoicing. When my friend and I met again, he said,

“ Now must we do all man dare do, or die. All is ready, and bold hearts and hands to aid ; I have communicated with sufficient —— ”

“ Ready ! ” repeated I, like one roused from sleep. When the lot is cast, how dread soever its character, to reason is madness—to vacillate, destruction. In an hour more, and what a scene was about to be acted ! Now did the deep murmurs run from one to the other. The mine was dug—the train was laid—it wanted but the match to complete all. I followed all my directions ; nay, suggested, planned every thing I thought requisite to the full accom-

plishment of our purpose; talked to the men; went to the arm chest, and fortified their sinking and doubting courage, though I felt paled and sick within myself; nor could I credit what we were about to perform,—for very brief had been the communication I had held on the subject. I learnt that the captain and a few of the crew were to be put afloat in the launch, with a portion of provisions,—and that we were to take possession of the ship; and now came the severest moment.

The commander slept in his cot,* and I, as a midnight assassin, was sent to drag him from his slumbers—to steal on his unguarded privacy. Heavenly powers!—and even this I did. How do I live to write it? My brain was on fire—my sight was dizzy. Months, days, years, have gone by; and now, after their lapse, I shudder as I recall that moment. Hellish agony!—existence is summed up in it—living a life for memory in its brief space; never has that moment

* Note (C.)

left me, in joy or in sorrow—such an enigma is man. But still I never hesitated—I led the way—the master of arms followed. Now came the struggle—the quick step—the noise of awakened footfalls. Now was heard the loud voice of unanswered inquiry—the impatient exclamation of surprise—the boisterous expostulation—the deep curse—the angry strife of those who dared contend. What is my part? I stand beside the captain's cot—my teeth are clenched—my hold is iron—I fix him in its grasp—I drag him forth—I see him pale, gazing in horror—powerless in dumb amaze. I look upon it all—I feel it all—yet I draw not back. The bayonet is pointed at his breast—I hold it in my grasp—I stand beside him—I watch all his sufferings. The friendly moisture is held to his fevered lips—'tis torn from them—he calls on us in the proud spirit of his bravery to—Fire? * No such mercy is ours; we have drained the poisoned bowl, and must now endure all the distortion of such a deadly draught. So dire the hate of some

* Note (D.)

that when kinder pity would give the launch, the sound is lost in the loud, long cry of—"No ! no ! no launch, no launch—no compass, no compass."*

The launch however is lowered—the compass is given—the starving pittance is meted out—that sorry pittance, more cruel in its gift than the blade's piercing steel—down they pass. They stand beneath us, and like the first foul fiend who gazed upon a world undone, we mark our victims, and know but that which fiends alone have felt. Then comes the parting of some better spirits—the urgent eloquence of hope, rather to see death with them than life with us. The bitter cry is lost in the fierce command,—“Down with them ; secure the hold.” The air is rent—fiery passion, with tiger spite, is let loose, rioting and revelling in frightful havoc—the livid countenance—the deep curse—the deadly words of hate—meet each eye, and sound in every ear. Did I utter aught ? No ! save when with daggers the com-

* Note (E.)

mander turned and looked upon me. It was not in threatening he spoke, but how terrible the words—"Remember, I am a husband and a parent." *

"Remember," repeated I, between my closed teeth, "comes too late. Remember," I repeated—"yes—that it is, that it is—I am in hell, in hell!" †

The deed is finished—the boat is freighted; man gives fellow man to the untamed, untaught wave—bids him go seek in peril, in storm, and in want if savage hearts will know more mercy than dire revenge has shewn. What a fate!—what days and nights of suffering may be theirs—the unquenched thirst, the gnawing hunger, famine feeding on the manly form to skeleton hideousness—the fainting vigour that in thankfulness sips the treasured blood—the sinking existence that wanes out upon the drop, the ounce of sustenance; to them the dropping clouds shall be the harbingers of salvation, and the parched lips open in joy to

* Note (F.)

† Note (G.)

catch the rain of heaven ; they shall hail the sea bird's fall, while passing amidst the wilder-ness of waters, as celestial food ; wrap the worn and aching limbs in the dripping garment, to seek a soothing for their fevered pain ;—and who can tell of all their toil ; the ceaseless vigils made only by the dying to look upon their dead—to gaze upon the pathless deep—to win the shore, and again be driven back to peril the boundless gulf ; but let me not dwell upon their doom ; rather let me know the now sole remedy, the frenzy of forgetfulness.

The gale freshened, and wafted us from that hopeless, hapless speck for ever—the boat and its exiled crew. I stood fixed, looking till sight became dimmed with gazing. I turned again to mingle in the buzzing throng around me ; what a wreck was before me ! Gallantly and gaily the proud vessel won her course, yet where was all the late order that pervaded her every movement ?—the main-spring had been snapped—her works had ceased to play—and my hand had wrought this ruin. It was a frightful

contemplation—a moment more, and I turned from it; yet, thought I, is there not balm in Gilead? This was not my first purpose—*that* would have led but to the blotting out one isolated unit in creation. If crime, it would have been but an individual one. What matter now? Its general consequence was too self-evident. Too late the scales had fallen. I dared not, if I could, have turned them; the balance was not for one, but many; however I had first weighed the matter in innocency, now beyond all reasoning, I had finished the work with hands stained with a crime not all the odours of Arabia might purify. It was deep, deadly. Like the fallen one, lingering midway, I hovered, beholding celestial rest for ever vanishing far above my reach, beneath me nought but the gulf of unutterable perdition. Then what remained to complete the picture, but to exclaim, “Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven”?

Now it was that a determined mind must shew its power. At periods such as this, when

all would be masters, unless some bold and undaunted influence sways fearlessly and unflinchingly, the consequence must prove fatal, alike to those who would rule and those who ought to submit. At the present crisis, when the former far outstripped the latter, I saw some mind, whose strength trembled not beneath the weight, must bear the full responsibility. I was reckless of all ill,—I was insensible to all good ; fate had done her worst ; I was nothing to myself—all creation was nothing to me. I had nothing to hope, therefore nothing to fear.

The lawless gang amidst whom I now stood, and whose command I took, were without a head to direct, without a hand to guide them. Whither would they drive ? If I felt not for myself, I yet felt for them—the divine stamp of original being was not wholly annihilated, however marred within me. That fatal term, liberty—so dangerous alike to individuals and communities,—that thing so often sought, so seldom possessed—and when possessed, so often

fatally misused — was now our watchword. Though for it we had dared all we had done, what had it left us?—a band without a home, without a name,—sad denizens of the pathless deep!

On the departure of our victims, though the cry had been huzza for Taheite, yet, after consulting on the subject, we found the project no way advisable;—how answer the questions of our old friends? and how account for our commander's absence? We therefore made direct for Tobouai :* but now came the suffering and consciousness of crime; hence we were driven back again on our own resources, with no resting place for the soles of our feet amidst a deluge of waters. What was to be done? To Taheite was the cry—say the commander has landed for a short time, and that when we obtain some stores for him, we are to return. Once more, then, we determine to seek the smiling land of sweet repose, the Island of Taheite.

The voice of song and gladness welcomed us, the blooming wreaths were twined for us, and

* Note (H.)

the merry dance closed the first evening of our sojourn; and what a soul of speaking allure-ment was in that dance!—the form of symmetry,—the step of harmony, now bounding in animating movement, now retreating in softening grace, a grace whose language of love reveals a tale of winning witchery, and woos the captive senses of ecstasy, as they follow these bright and sunny children of a southern sky through the winding mazes of their native dance, gaily garlanded with the choicest flowers; and many a summer flower buds and blossoms there.

The day of our arrival at Taheite was one of a festivity called “the Hura,”* a sort of court drawing-room, when the chieftains’ daughters are presented. Their dress is well suited to set off the loveliness of their persons, and everything contributes to add splendour and enjoyment to this meeting. The numerous attendants, the assembled company, the gaily decked canoes, filled with bands of music, which, native though it be, sounds sweetly as it floats over their

* Note (I.)

glassy waters, and beneath their genial skies. Aimatta was the name of the chieftain's daughter who was to be presented. Her far-famed beauty had drawn crowds to the festival. Never shall I forget the gush of awakened admiration, the first moment I beheld her. It was unlike all other loveliness I had ever looked upon, either in this, her own southern clime, or in climes of colder and fairer dames;—it was matchless! She stood like some houri of a Mahometan paradise, and we her worshippers—finished in all her youthful charms. On her head she wore the Ta-maie;* her own luxuriance of hair forming a turban of jetty brightness, triple wreaths of the most glowing scarlet and white flowers were twined around it, composed of Cape jessamine, mixed with *valeria laurifolia*; a loose vest of golden-spotted cloth partially concealed her lovely bust. The araitihi, or petticoat, fastened round the waist with a splendidly embroidered girdle, fell to the feet, and was of white cloth, as was also the tihi,

* Note (K.)

or scarf, which was finished at the edges with a border of scarlet work, and confined under the left arm and drawn over the opposite shoulder, descended in full folds; round the bosom was thrown a necklace of dazzling polish, bright as rainbow hues, formed of the shell of mother-o'-pearl. Thus she stood the warm impassioned dream of the fondest lover's story; I could have gazed existence away in looking on such a vision, as now she waited trembling beneath the intensity of admiration that spoke in every eye, while her own was veiled by its dark deep fringe as if in mercy to her beholders. Many tents lay scattered on the green sward on which we were assembled; but above all, on an elevated platform, was raised a dome composed of the finest matting. The interior was decorated as if the winged inhabitants of the most glorious regions had lent their plumage, every sea cave its treasures, to adorn its canopy, which was supported on pillars encircled with wreaths of fresh and blooming flowers, perfuming the

scented air with their balmy fragrance. She advances—a breathless moment ; she has not yet commenced the dance : did ever chiselled form or opera grace reveal anything equal to this beau ideal of perfection ? The intense silence is no more ; the sound of flute and drum has broken forth ; the prompter's voice gives the signal, and Aimatta moves ! It was a movement which spoke a language too much felt to be embodied in words.

The “ Hura ” finished, other pleasures quickly followed. The gay scene of the naval review awaited us ; the line of canoes are arranged along the beach nearly half a mile in extent, all decorated most fancifully ; their rude and gaudy sterns carved in fantastic forms ; their rich and varied colours floating gaily in the ocean's breeze. The fighting-men standing on their platforms, dressed in their native costume of white cloth, their crimson turbans contrasting well with their rich sunny bronzed complexion ; then the strong athletic arm and full open chest,

—the elastic limb and easy movement as they are seen weapon in hand, all revealing a strong and fine picture of interest and nationality, while this light, gaudy show comes out in stronger contrast from the sacred canoes, bearing their dark flags with the images and emblems of their gods. In the van is to be seen the royal bark pompously caparisoned, drawn by attendants in fantastic attire. The king addresses the assembled multitude, and it is with an eloquence, though in the native tongue, which might have won attention and admiration from the senate of the most lettered nation. The war song now bursts on the gale, in a moment is to be seen the whole file launching into the ocean,—the stir, the sound, the bound of the little vessels as they go riding on—their prows breaking and splashing in the sparkling waters. Then calmly they float, fall into line, and the joyful burst of exhilarated spirits commences; now advances lance and spear; now they board—fight hand to hand; now the anxious voices hail the favourite and van-

quisher; home she rides, triumphant, and shouts and music greet the proud conqueror. Evening steals on; in fond forgetfulness of all the past, the present lit a lamp of glowing light around us; dazzled—lost—in the mad tide of sweet enjoyment, hours past on; and evening, with all the lulling softness of a tropical clime, had wrapped exhausted nature in her misty mantle. The voluptuous gale stole over the moon-lit flowers and scented the air of heaven; the wild song of untaught melody mingled with the sighing waves' soothing murmur; but not more voluptuous that scented gale, nor more bright, nor wild that light or melody, than the dreamy visions of my soul that night. The master passion had touched a string and broke a music which death will not still; illumined within me a spirit which will live through time, nor know an expiration in eternity. I loved the gentle savage of the distant isle; yes, from that dewy eve I loved my Aimatta, with all the best and fondest faithfulness!

They that carry guilt within them know no

rest, nor had time yet had power to soften down its remembrance. It is true the *fever* had subsided, but weakness still remained ; our minds, debilitated from high-wrought excitement, could fix to no occupation,—our plans were undecided,—we were lost in a thousand vague schemes which each other's reasonings hourly endeavoured to prove futile or impossible. The indolent habits of the Taheiteans rendered their life, to our more active spirits, burthen-some ; a wretched discontent naturally resulted from the want of occupation ; and what were we?—the outlawed subjects of the most free, most cultivated nation in the world, levelled down to the crouching interlopers of an unlettered and a savage people. I advised to go seek some home of our own, some spot to which we alone should give laws and population ; but it was looked on as wild,—not to be accomplished. To form a settlement at Tabouai was now the object ; hither, then, in Cain-like consciousness, we went. Though received on

this our second landing more friendly, the result was to be read. Fearfulness lent distrust; they suspected us, and dreaded our power; dispute arose with all the vehemence of savage animosity; they drove us from their shelter and protection. My plan was now the only one left for us to pursue; and seeking once more the vessel's deck, with a party of twenty-seven,* we bade the rest of the world farewell, and found a home of blessed rest. The remembrance of Pitcairn† floated like a dream on my fancy, and to that I steered our course. Once more upon the seas, I seemed again free. The world was before us, and what a world was I creating! would this, too, prove but as children's play? was I building but castles of cards, and would a breath level all again? I seemed like a new being going forth to a new globe. What a little republic of good and sweet communion did I image—the drawing tie. In the ideal picturing I was myself again, and in the intensity of hope forgot all the madness of memory.

* Mote (L.)

† Note (M.)

Neither contention nor ambition was to be with us ; ours were to be laws of government emanating from the only unerring source — the Gospel ; not those which, with many others, are drawn rather from the knowledge of crime than the dictates of right, springing from the necessity of increased population, multiplied commerce, and extended intercourse ; the offspring of book-worm research, rather than the unburthened code of Christian simplicity.— The path to the temple of justice a labyrinth of perplexity ; its tortuous windings rendering the chance of reaching its shelter at all times hazardous, and not unfrequently ruinous ; laws often enforced more for the enforcers' pecuniary aggrandizement, than either for the promotion of the general moral good or the individual benefit ; while the scales for weighing the crimes of men leave the greater vice so level, in the infliction which it receives, with minor delinquencies, that the turpitude of the perpetrator knows no check from the hope of lenity ;

but *we* were to be actuated but by the one impulse, an impulse starting from the same post, seeking but the same goal, the welfare of the whole community—a community united in hand, in heart, in voice, none envying to rise, none fearing to fall ; each and all equally possessing the right and power of appeal to the fountain head, unpuzzled by tampering quibbles, unimpeded by mercenary drawbacks ; blood calling alone for blood. Man's mind winning its summer course, unruffled by excited passions, and undisturbed by the shoals of ambition. With us no crafty policy was to raise a state of overweening strength, erecting an edifice of loftiness to dazzle and bewilder, while the foundation of that edifice was laid on the weakness and suffering of the oppressed. The many, the slaves of the few—such a state as this must undermine itself, must ultimately crumble into ruin and desolate all around it. Though gradations must necessarily exist amongst us—hands to work, heads to direct,—yet the sym-

pathy of man to man should not be numbed by this seeming separation, nor consciousness of the common stock from whence all life draws existence be deadened ; it, like the origin from whence it springs, should bind us, each and all, in one unbroken circle.

Now had we bidden an everlasting farewell to the hum and busy crowds of activity, entering on scenes, on habits, and therefore on thoughts and feelings, wholly and completely foreign to all which had ever till this period met our observation. All things of the past were to be as if they had never been ; and, as I said before, we were all like new beings, going forth to a new world. And while we thus flew “to a little zoar” of safety, did we regret, as we remembered it, the world we had left ? Nothing to our wounded hearts appeared there, but the torturing flames of unquenched ambition ; the restless burning of contending passion ; the destroying corruption of misled affection, withering every scene

of home, defacing every public station ; all terminating but in a vapour, which leaves all beneath a ruin of desolation, a soil which, to future life, will yield not the nourishment of reviving vegetation. All things there shewed but the darkness of disappointment, the gloom of frustrated hope, the pollution of vicious purposes, and the sterility of mispent existence. What had we, then, to regret ? for who can deny but that this is but the too-often told tale of man's career, even of a career blessed with the sunshine of prosperity ? Individuals are poor arithmeticians in the calculations of their fellow creature's means of happiness ; permanently to constitute *that* can only rest with one of unlimited knowledge, one that can look into all contingencies, provide against all unseen results ; but yet, I believe, it pleased Heaven to guide us to a spot visited afterwards by a share of peace and good which has seldom fallen within the reckoning of earthly children. I, even I, in that sweet abode, tasted of a gladdening

innocence I once imagined it impossible for mortality to drink of.

But to return: some days had now passed, and we still tracked our wild path along the ocean; no speck of earth had broken the immensity of space; anxious watching was in every heart; a sinking dread seemed to be arising within us; the wearied eye-sight ached in vainly looking out for something to rest upon; and even a murmur of discontent stirred amongst us. "Fear not, my friends," said I; "a recompence awaits us." Yet I felt we merited none; for what was our fate to those we had driven abroad? At last, the sky became more unsullied; the distant sea-bird was seen taking its flight; and now a dark blue speck, like a small cloud, was discerned, breaking the unbounded view—*it was Pitcairn*. Can I describe?—can I tell the burst of joyfulness that broke from us? It was a feeling strong as man's soul was capable of. We spoke not; but the impulse was alike within each breathing soul—

we knelt one and all. We arose and hastened to give the vessel all her power; the big tear dimmed our sight, but still was it fixed upon that dark speck; our hearts expanded towards it, and we hailed it as the parched land once did the little cloud that came at the prophet's prayer, to slake the dying thirst of an unmoistened soil; that distant darkness was to bring light, life, peace, everything, to our drooping spirits. It neared our view; now the tumult of joy—the confusion of sudden and unlooked-for happiness—is stirring. The breakers come tossing about us; the rocks, the woods, and nature's refreshing vegetation, once again meet our longing gaze. It was all as sight to the blind; even the mind seemed to sink under the intoxicating fervour of these the first moments of our beholding the future spot of our destiny. Even I stood motionless, rapt in the tide of new and strange thoughts; but I roused myself—"To business, my friends." The boats were lowered; but the surf presented a frightful mass

of foam, as it dashed and laved the ragged dark rocks that arose on all sides of the island, like bulwarks of architectural security, seeming to bid defiance to all attack. As we stood to mark out some spot to land at, what a picture of all that is sublime, all that is beautiful, presented itself! It was mid-day; the sun was bright, shining forth as if to greet our coming. And was there nought else to bid our welcome? but was not *that* sufficient; for it told Omnipotence was there, to direct its course and ours?

Impatience made it seem long before we could decide upon a spot for landing. Rent and riven masses of rock lay shattered and lashed with foam, at the foot of lofty and wooded cliffs, rendering an approach difficult in the extreme. We now anchored in a sort of basin, sentineled by two grotesque and shaggy rocks, standing as guardian giants of the land. As our eyes marked each mimic bay, or were carried up the waving woods, and lost in the darkness of the

cavern's shade, they at last rested on one little golden spot of calm, half hid by weeping branches, as they reclined over the rough rocks of this sandy nook. To this, then, myself and a few of my companions bent our oars; we effected a landing, after some labour—again we touched our mother earth—we prostrated ourselves on it. Our hearts were too full for utterance; we speeded our way up a narrow ravine, walled on either side by bold and jutting rocks, roofed, as it were, by the arching branches of luxuriant trees: we passed on; new charms disclosed themselves; vegetation breathed spontaneously around, yet not with the rankness of desertion; our steps became more hurried, our pulses beat quicker, and the large drops stood on our burning brows; our eyeballs seemed to stretch and look forth with extended sight; our lips were parched, yet we stopped not to quench our thirst. We listened for the sound of man; but God, and God alone, was here. It was an awful feeling this unbroken,

untouched solitude. All was still, save the light breeze among the rustling branches, the distant roar of the ocean, and the sweet soft murmur of the cooling brooks which occasionally interrupted our path, as they rippled along the woodland recesses. We paused a moment, looked around us, and beheld all things telling of security and of promise; all evincing high capability to promote our object. Enemies seemed excluded by the natural situation of the island—the landing so hazardous; its high and lofty mountains rising as invincible safeguards; its narrow passes; its deep and secluded caves, and the extreme smallness of the spot for disembarking; while the fresh springs, the clustering fruits, the rich verdure, and flourishing timber, gave us hope, not alone of sufficiency, but comfort. With a sort of mad delight we gazed around; but I did not forget those who impatiently awaited to know the result of our first view of the spot we hoped to make our home in life—our grave in death.

To describe the unspeakable joy that pervaded our hearts, when we at last found ourselves all safely landed on a little spot of green sward, would be impossible. Though then but very young, I experienced all the feeling of a parent's responsibility for those who surrounded me. I felt that I was to be the link which must unite them. Like the patriarch of old, who, when passing from out of the ark, must have been conscious of looking upon a changed world, and that he was alone the future guide to that mighty Maker, whose throne is Heaven, whose footstool is earth, I felt the awful change. And as now we looked on each other, what had we in common with the rest of mankind ? all the past to us was indeed as if buried in a deluge of oblivion. Nothing had we in part with any other human beings, but that immortal spark which, drawing its source from celestial regions, lights us thither back again ; though all the earth shewed darkness, yet even in this untrodden spot, that flame of heavenly

essence was ours ; still might we be guided on in our wanderings by that burning pillar whose flame knows no quenching.

Devoutly did we pour forth our prayers ; after which we grouped around a hasty meal ; for we had kindled a fire, and landed some of our stores on a spot which seemed every way suited for the site of our future habitation. But fatigue and anxiety soon closed the eyes of my companions ; and I saw them all make themselves comfortable, by spreading the sails and other articles for beds and shelter. Apart from the rest I had made a resting-place for my Aimatta ; for she, a chieftain's daughter, had been accustomed to comparative luxury to those of her companions ; and for me she had stolen away from all her comforts—from all her kindred ties. Under the pretence of going into the interior to see some friends, she had concealed herself till our departure from Taheite, when, with all the rapture of a bride, she followed my fortunes. And how shall I paint her ; for our country has no

colours so dazzling—no forms so moulded in native gracefulness—no passion so glowing, yet so pure?

If her cheek shewed not the rose's hue, it was a softer, a more loving tint than ever summer flower revealed,—if her skin disclosed not the lily's fairness, its sunny warmth was brighter far than ever was untouched snow; the rich tide of innocent blood spoke in its changing flush, and lent all the fire of woman's soul to eyes whose star-lit lustre told unchecked the guileless, because unconscious, tale of a heart melting in fondness and affection. The beautiful simplicity of untaught devotedness, how sweet did it wear in the caressing endearments of Aimatta! it was with all the warmth of woman's loveliest tenderness, chastened by all the purity of woman's innate timidity. Bashful, gentle, innocent, her soul seemed to know nothing of our fallen nature; fresh, untouched by earthly taint as the first daughter of creation. The joys of her existence seemed to be

made up from nature's gifts ; nature's flowers, her stars, her sparkling waters, her glorious sun, her silver moon, had been the earliest objects of Aimatta's guileless affection, and they had imparted their own colouring to all she thought or did ; they had been " her only books ;" and even did a shining star catch her eye, or the ocean shew a clearer hue, or did she pluck a more blooming flower, with all the rapture of anxiousness she would call on me to taste of her own delicious happiness. Moving with a grace art in vain would teach, dressed in the native attire of her isle, and her charms veiled with its flowing scarf, she shewed with an adornment of modesty refinement often forgets ; while her long and glossy ringlets hung in richness and simplicity from beneath a ruddy wreath of the flower tree, or " nono," which confined their luxuriance ; thus she looked indeed the child of an alluring and sunny clime. To me she was a world of blessedness, for I loved her with all the fervour of the warmest attachment ; it was

not the adoration of sudden and fleeting fondness, though I gazed upon her form, and owned its charm; for where could I turn, in any clime, and look upon a being so fresh, so perfect? Never sculptor in his happiest hour beheld symmetry so modelled, grace so faultless; but when I knew the soul of innate loveliness that breathed within, I felt an ecstasy I dreamt not a heart so seared as mine could ever taste again. But although blest in Aimatta's love—for she lived, she breathed, but for me—the canker was not dead.

But to return: all now slumbered beside me, but I could not find repose. Since *that awful night* I had not, till this one, been sufficiently unoccupied to turn an inward thought on myself; but now no eye was waking, save that of Omnipotence and mine own, to look upon the scene that stretched before me. What a strange and new one was it!—here lay extended around me the outcast, the degraded companions of my guilt; yet they slumbered unconscious of all ill. And

what murmur breathed to wake them from that happy sleep? The grave was not stiller—a leaf trembled not in the midnight air. There was something frightfully impressive as I stood alone amidst the noiseless quiet; the objects so unfamiliar to my view made me recoil on self, and ask, as if doubting my existence, What was I? I shuddered—I trembled to answer. What could I—might I be?—a murderer? Cain looked upon the first murdered one,—what did he feel? Was not I perhaps the first, the only created one who ever trod the sod I was now polluting? Cain was an accursed one,—could I be less? I the murderer, not of one, but of many—many. I hurried on, and should not have awoken to terrible life, but each and all spoke to me of my guilt; for I had rapidly, heedlessly, passed along, and I was now looking upon the broad bosom of the ocean. Its roaring, as it fell amidst the dark rocks beneath, seemed to send forth the groans of dying ones. I raised my glance to heaven—starry in bright-

ness ; the full-orbed moon was beaming on me ; those very beams which are lighting my path are now perhaps falling on—what?—the cold corpses of the murdered—the dread thought ! I saw them — torn — hideous — exposed—the friends—the companions of my boyhood. A faintness came over me—I sank on the earth, and when I awoke, it was to open my eyes, not upon the darkness of night, but upon the glories of the rising dawn breaking upon our new world, a world which man's passions had never stained with crime. How fresh was the pure, untainted air !—how hallowed the waking voice of nature ! But a day of labour is before me ; I will not give one thought to self ; and I returned to my still slumbering companions. I roused them, but I determined the first opening of our sojourn should not be unsanctified ; therefore, as soon as we all had assembled, I selected a spot, whither we all retired, and offered up a morning thanksgiving.

“ And here,” I said, “ my friends, every morn

and eve will we meet to ask forgiveness for our guilt. May our penitence wash it out; let us always enter this sanctuary with these words on our lips, and in our hearts: ‘ We will arise and go to our father’s house, and say unto him, Father, we have sinned against heaven and thee.’* For evermore let this be a spot considered as consecrated, and here let the good man find his grave in death, his hope in life.” It was peculiarly formed for such a purpose; it was apart from the flat of the green plain, in a little retired nook, half concealed by the overlying branches of dark pine trees, while the ceaseless music of the clear brook stole along amidst the thicker shades, imaging well, we trusted, the current of our life, bright and happy, till sinking into the shade of the tomb, when, like it, we were to be borne away to mingle in the boundless ocean of eternity.

There was something delicious beyond power

* This is a fact, as related in a narrative of the Briton’s voyage to Pitcairn’s Island.—*Vide* note (N.)

to tell, in the consciousness of thus being the first that had ever poured forth a prayer in this abode, since the first dawn of light on creation—since the mighty voice of Omnipotence had sounded through chaotic darkness, and bade the shining world that now bloomed around fall into form and beauty. Mortal breath, doubtless, had never bid the incense of holiness arise here before. None, save the eye of God, had been here. Such thoughts seemed to consecrate all things, to overshadow them with celestial glory, and with cherub wings to encircle this our future dwelling. With brightened countenance and gladdened hearts, we went to our breakfast, and then to our labour.

The first subject of consultation was, what was to be the fate of the vessel. There was something painful in the thought of destroying this last memento of our native home; but still safety seemed to ask the sacrifice. It was made.* When I heard the crackling of the

* Note (O.)

timbers, (for one of our companions, on the very first murmur of consent, had set fire to the vessel,) it sounded to my ears like the rattling of dust on the lowered coffin of some beloved one; my heart trembled, and beat in anguish to the sound; now, indeed, is the last link severed; or if ever united again to bear me to my native country, what a termination will it prove! Still I watched each expiring ember, "Farewell, farewell, then," I said, "my friends, to England for ever,—*for ever!*—whose is that?—not ours—it belongs solely to Him who knoweth all things."

With a quiet and sorrowing step, we returned to the spot we had selected as the site of our future habitations. The path to it was somewhat difficult, but this was overlooked in the idea of its rendering it still more secure. To this, then, we returned, each laden with his burden from the vessel; and a few hours saw every man busy at his task, and the aspect of all things changed; the ground dug

and cleared on which time had looked on till now in its primeval luxuriance ; here lay blocks of timber the growth of centuries, the sole and only dwellers of this peaceful solitude, now sounding with axe, and hatchet, and the voice of the lords of creation. It was a gay, a busy prospect ; so much of the future seemed to grow with the present that all its toil was sweetened in the hope ; the past, in the newness of all the existing, bore but the visionary darkness and uncertainty of a dream.

While we were occupied in the heavier toils, we were not unaided by our weaker companions ; for the ovens were built and quickly constructed, after the manner of their native island, by the women.* In all their movements, though the untaught children of nature, there was a peculiar grace ; even while they lifted the stone and dug the oven, and collected the wood and plants requisite to form their work, all appeared done with such feminine gentleness that

* Note (P.)

nothing masculine or coarse was awakened by watching the operation. The task commenced by digging a sort of pit in the earth, which is then lined with heated stones, covered with the broad leaves of the tea plant, which grow there in profusion, the materials to be dressed are placed on these, and then the whole is covered with the same sort of leaves, over which is put a quantity of earth and straw; and there could not but be something pleasing to mark how tranquilly they put aside all the inconveniences which naturally arose from this being the second day of our sojourn; but after some hours of labour, we found all things prepared by these our companions—if not with the luxury of our native homes, yet with neatness and comfort; but we were obliged to partake of the meal alone, while they tendered the most watchful attentions on us. Accustomed from habit and childhood to this form, nothing on our part could influence them to forego it, and not till we had finished our meal would they

partake of theirs.* Indeed, the strong and prevailing characteristic of the female disposition amongst them was most winning and flattering to the proud, self-loving one of man. They seemed to regard him as a being of superior and exalted stamp; but it was with a devotedness which in no manner rendered them servile or lowering. Their obedience seemed wholly divested of fear, not the result of conscious inferiority, but of pride in the object of their affection, and a complete yielding of self to that object, by seeking whose pleasure, comfort, and enjoyment, they only secured their own. Soft, tender, and modest, and, to my eye, lovely in person, they possessed all the inherent requisites to form female perfection.

It might seem a strange anomaly, that men who had combined in the perpetration of such a deed of darkness as we had, preserved so much of the better feelings and thoughts of

* Note (Q.)

their species ; but in looking on that act, I still experienced a consciousness that it was rather an impulse, sudden, unpremeditated, of wounded pride than either the corruption of vicious inclination or of lawless recklessness. In becoming the renegades of our country, we loved her not the less ; we erred not to her, but in hate to individual evil and unmanly tyranny ; we revolted not against the justice of her laws, we only spurned at the coercion of misused power. This, perhaps, could offer no extenuation of the guilt, though it might tend to clear the general character ; for we stood not like men whose minds had been familiarized to crime—not as those whose habits and manners are degraded, and thoughts tainted by an infectious intercourse with the ways of wickedness. Though by the perpetration of one act, we had rendered ourselves amenable to the heaviest inflictions which guilt, long followed, draws down on her votaries, it was the consequence, the result, not the absolute act, that bore so appalling an aspect in my eyes. The act itself had nothing

lowering to the whole tenour of the mind ; its spring arose, not from the corruption, but from the pride of the heart ; and the man who had dared the deed we had might still hold untainted the finest, nay, the best, capabilities untouched within his breast. When I reasoned thus, better hopes arose ; for I promised myself that the instruments with which I was to work were not wholly blunted. As I watched the progress of each day ; observed the quiet regularity, the unrepining patience, the friendly intercourse and domestic happiness, the buoyant spirits, and above all, the prevailing influence of religious feeling ; I could not but rejoice, and hope the usefulness of the present might find a redeeming for the past. How vain the hope !

Already was our little commonwealth submissive and watchful to her simple laws ; already had each portion of ground assumed all the security of a particular allotment, each enclosure containing all the comfort and snugness of home. Places for poultry and animals, and grounds for the culture of greens, melons, and

cloth plants, with all the necessary and useful fruits, and roots, occupied the southward site of one of the mountains, which rose immediately from the plain, on which the cottages were erected ; at its very base, and on the green flat, spread the wide circumference of a banyan tree,* whose grotesque and fanciful forms bore almost the semblance of architectural construction, the branches bending from their original trunk to seek again their mother earth, giving the arch, pillar, and aisle, of gothic tracery.

It was a tree of immense growth : there was something speaking about it ; often when reposing from the noontide heat amidst its recesses, or watching the moonbeams glancing and shooting through its alleys, have I thought how it sembled ourselves. Many in one,—like the first patriarch of old, each infant stem growing and clustering but to throng and exist around their first parent, making shade and shelter for

* Its circumference was 200 paces.—*Beechey*.

all who sought their friendly covert, forming a very forest sprung but from a single stock, like the offspring of the inhabitants of lost Paradise, from whom what a crowd, what a millioned generation, now cover this once unpeopled globe ! Even this remote, unfriended atom could not be concealed from the searching influence of their children ! And how sudden, how unlooked for, the cultivated face it now revealed, had a stranger foot trod it but a few weeks back, what a wilderness of solitude it would have shewed ! but now, as is generally beheld in marking man's track, did it disclose only the feebleness of infancy ? No ! here was seen some of the latest efforts of known acquirements ; here was not the ignorance of new-born existence, but the knowledge of enlightened education ; here was heard, not the half-formed jargon of the unlettered savage, but one of the most perfect languages of advanced nations ; here was poured forth, not the foul corruptions of heathenism, but the celestial purity of Heaven's own reli-

vain, to dive into the extent of what he knew respecting Davis.

Davis, certainly, of all those who followed me in the Bounty, was he who disclosed the deepest feeling of the darker passions; he certainly possessed within his breast the seeds of that vice which had given rise to the occasion of our exile; he was fond of power; he however at times appeared passionless; while his breast was a very volcano, and while all was tumult within, his brow was unruffled and his lid unlifted; it was this veiling of his dark deep eye that first led me to misgive him. He was a man of some education, of gloomy and lonely habits; we seldom saw him but at meals, and I have often found him wandering at the dead of night on some of the most distant hills, or in the thickest woods. Some of his fellows loved him; and though I was not warmed towards him, yet there was a sort of mysterious depth about him which, while it shrouded the deadlier passions of his breast from observation, gave an interest

part of the brook, that she might present a double view of her lovely self.

It was after one of these festive evenings that I most particularly marked the jealousy of her husband, and that it was now wholly directed against one individual, and that individual was Davis. Idia had been united to Taboua some time before our departure from Tahite; he loved her with all the fervour of his native and sunny clime, and she, till latterly, appeared to return it with as much warmth as her volatile disposition would admit; but I had observed, since the death of poor Canda, Davis's wife, that her manners were more free to others, while cold and reserved towards her husband; and that a darker shade was visibly gathering round the character of Taboua. For days he would loiter and idle, or sullenly pursue his work. If Davis directed or dictated, he would instantly throw down his implement, and refuse altogether to continue his employment. Often have I taken Taboua aside, and endeavoured, but in

challenged all your admiration, the other won
 all your affection. Aïmatta, stealing from all
 gaze and observation, seemed to exist but in the
 sunshine of her husband's and child's love;
 and she moved a very queen in dignity and
 beauty, as I have seen her stand beside the
 laughing, joyous Idia; her brow shaded by a light
 screen of cocoa-nut leaves, and around her lovely
 bosom rich wreaths of scented jessamine, while
 the waves of her scarf fell in fuller and deeper
 folds, as if modesty alone had been her looking-
 glass. A happy sight it was at eve, when the
 fervour of day had passed, and all nature seemed
 in repose, to see these gay creatures of our
 homes dancing to the sound of our flutes, or to
 the music of their own voices; and when wearied
 with their exertion, to behold them reposing on
 the green banks of some of our glossy streams,
 their infant offspring playing at their feet, and
 their husbands gazing in fondness on the group;
 and often have we laughed at the pretty coquet-
 tish Idia for choosing the deepest and clearest

placed the wreath of ruddy nono amidst her glossy ringlets with more coquettish taste than handsome Idia; no one bound the scarf with more grace, nor danced with lighter step, or sang with livelier spirit; let her be occupied in whatever employment, Idia always looked lovely. I have often thought, when I have compared her and Aimatta, what a perfect representation they gave of the two extremes of the Allegro and Penseroso, in their attire and their movements. Idia, when she formed her necklace of flowers, or decorated her brows, ever selected the gayest hues; even the scented perfume of her dark hair seemed richer than that of others; and her full, rounded, though symmetrical form more attractive in its just proportions; while her smile was more joyous, her eye more beaming, she had for all and every one a coquettish trick, and a ready word. Aimatta was all languor and softness; her slight and delicate form seemed to ask your protecting guardianship to be ever near it. The one

in a low voice in my ear, "The surf hides the reef in the anger of the storm, but the calm comes, and will reveal its place again; but woe unto him who would dare that surf in its rage. The urli* has gone forth from its sua† and woe to him who revealeth the hand that slings it. Known unto Oro‡ are the secrets of men." I would fain have asked more, but his only reply was, "Oro knoweth the secrets of men."

This black, though not by me, had always been looked upon with a suspicious eye; he was of a particularly jealous disposition, and if glibed or joked about his handsome wife, Taboua would sulk, and not work for days together. I have myself often marked him scowl and turn from our evening sport, and fly off to the woods, if his wife seemed to enjoy or talk to others. This trait was most particularly unfortunate, for he happened to have the gayest, and one of the most beautiful women for his wife. No one

* Stone.

† Sling.

‡ The Everlasting One.

I hastened back to our hamlet. It happened to be our supper-time, and we were all assembled, all save poor Canda. I as briefly as possible told my tale. A shudder seemed to run through the whole assembly. I quickly glanced my eye round on each individual; one it rested on, and, strange, I saw another eye besides mine fixed on the same countenance; the man stood rather in the back, indeed so much so that Taboua, the black, who, like myself, seemed drawn to the same person, was obliged to turn round to look at him, which evidently he did not hesitate to do; but no! the thought was too horrible, and I was angry for indulging in it. It was impossible to prove the deed, and therefore to hint at it I felt was injustice. I summoned them all to the chapel, perhaps thinking it might have some influence in awakening a confession. I even held forth something like forgiveness and secrecy if confided in; but no! As we were passing from our house of prayer, one of the blacks, as I lingered behind, said

present excited feelings,—I thought I recognised a human face peering over the topmost crag, but no figure was visible; it seemed as if a person, if person it was, was lying down in order to take a stealthy view of my movements. I again looked up, but it was gone. I found, when I reached the body, that life was not quite extinct; nor was the person senseless or speechless, though frightfully bruised and mangled. It was the wife of one of our men of the name of Davis, a woman of most quiet and well-regulated habits. She spoke, and though the voice was thick and husky, I could perfectly comprehend, even in her native language, “I forgive, I forgive him; for, dear Mr. Christian, you have told me, if I forgive I shall be forgiven. Alas! alas!” the poor creature groaned. “Tell me who did the deed—speak, speak;” but she gave my hand one last long pressure, and it was closed in death. The spirit had flown from whence it came, and the name of her murderer remained untold.

Of course, as soon as I found life was extinct,

the last step of my rope ladder, when, turning to take a lingering glance on my secret hold, I was arrested by the most frightful cries, and raising my eyes to a high perpendicular rock, far above the level on which I stood, I saw a human form, launched, as it were, into air. Though looking on under the impressions of frightful feelings, which almost for the instant stunned my senses, it struck me as if the form had been thrown from a projecting crag, rather than if it had fallen from accident or self impulse; for it appeared so hung out, and whirled so far from the surface of the rocks, that, like a ball, it passed through the air. I instinctively spread my arms as if I could have caught the falling body, but it rested on a grassy projection midway before it reached the foundation of the crag from which it had first issued. With difficulty I reached the spot on which the body lay apparently lifeless. Once as I was descending I raised my eye, and, whether it was imagination or reality I did not like to trust myself to decide under my

that in the midnight gloom stood frowning like
 "giants of an earlier mould," I would listen to
 the depth of sounds that broke nature's stillness,
 voices which seemed not to speak of this earth ;
 and some invincible power would even at these
 awful moments overshadow me, and a sweet
 communion seem to pour its soothing influence
 around ; and here amidst this vast solitude of
 ocean, where rock on rock have stood imbedded
 for countless ages, ungazed upon and unsought ;
 mountain on mountain had reposed in barren
 seclusion, and the deepness of forest silence
 and darkness had reigned unbroken ; here would
 I kneel to that Mighty One whose eye alone
 had pierced these regions—a worm, an atom ;
 how humbled, yet how exalted did I feel. I
 felt repentance had waited my supplications on
 high ; yes, I felt the Almighty was with me ;
 I prayed for peace, a peace I never failed to
 obtain.

I was returning one day, as I said, from this
 favourite spot, and had just put my foot on

busy commerce ; its societies of scientific know-
 ledge, and all its thousand allurements. It was
 as the memory of the dead ; at such moments
 the sacred veil was thrown over all its errors ;
 it was before me but as a model of untouched
 perfection. I would with childish folly drink
 in the very breeze that came wafted from its
 direction. At night, too, I would wander down
 there ; look upon the moon riding in the
 spangled heavens, and dream of spots on which
 she might then be glancing in my own native
 mountains ; stand in her light, and be with them
 again. Yet sometimes these musings would
 assume a horrid aspect. I would start and
 tremble at the images which crowded upon me.
 Spectres of past crimes, the hideous and un-
 earthly forms of those once full of life and
 beauty, would be before me. These were fright-
 ful visions ! Again, when perchance only a few
 glittering stars were in the deep dark heaven
 above ; when nought marked the angry ocean
 but the white dash of its foams amidst rocks

Thus happy and innocent, I deemed not that darker passions basked and lived in the hearts of those around me. Many years had thus gone on, and to me all seemed calm ; but a deadly spirit, even in this Eden of peace, was springing into action, though it had not as yet dared to reveal itself openly.

One day I had been passing from my favourite cave, a lonely and almost inaccessible spot. It was formed in the high cliffs that bordered the island, and concealed from every eye ; even Aimatta knew not of its existence. Its secrecy and solitude to me was delightful. In front lay stretched the open broad sea, infinite and unbounded. Sometimes when I stood in this cave's dark wide mouth, and looked on all without, glittering in sunshine, I would cast a glance towards the corner of the globe where that wonder of the world, my native land, reposed. Busy imagination would bring image after image to my mind—its crowded cities ; its high-born, cultivated inhabitants, and its happy boards ; its

she seemed, indeed, as if, like the sweet psalmist, she would have said, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove that I could fly thither!" and when she could read that volume, a knowledge acquired almost instinctively, you might behold her bending over its pages with feelings wrought to a painful sensibility, with tears dwelling upon the sorrow and pain of Him who suffered for all mankind. It was while contemplating this condescension, this descending to mortality, that her soul seemed won to a possibility of an existing link being thrown out from heaven to earth, to admit and receive a departing spirit. Then did she embrace the knowledge, or feeling, that a ray of that supreme essence could overshadow her, could be infused into her own spirit, and become part of thought and power. Her soul then seemed to rise exalted and purified—she looked upon herself as something to be cherished and watched, as part of a mighty world—as one possessing a treasure which was one day to be yielded into the hands of Him who gave it.

as something too infinite, too exalted, for mortal worship; and for moments human weakness seemed to prefer the adoration of a being approaching nearer to the scattered and limited powers of known perfection; one faultless, and unlimited, and omnipotent power seemed, from the very loftiness of her own sublime imagination, a thing too far removed in excellence to be thought of as descending even to look upon weak man; and then would she try to soften down the terror of her soarings, worship the Creator in his creation, and then burst forth in all the poetry of her native tongue, and speak of the unrivalled loveliness of *his* works; gaze on the spangled and moonlit skies of her tropical clime; ask if her spirit would ever wander above, amidst those paths, and behold the effulgence of those now hidden regions, where truth and light dwell for ever. When I read of those whose spirits were flown thither; of him, too, who from sorrow, penury, and sickness, was transported to peace to the bosom of Abraham,

he who emerging from the world of darkness or night of chaos, winged with omnipotent and heaven-born power, flew from the eternal man-sions, and resting on the shoreless basin of waters, placed earth's mighty ball on their surface, and bade the glorious fabric burst on their before unbroken calm, and give creation existence. Oh! the joy of her spirit, when I opened the sacred volume to confirm all these visions of her earliest dreams, shewed how God had preserved to us eternal records, had revealed the story of man's origin. "Is there, then, indeed," would she say, "a true, an undoubted revealing of that mighty One—of that everlasting One—that stands alone? is he revealed in that book?"—and she would look on the sacred volume as something too mysterious, too holy, to be even touched.

When I conveyed to her mind that all the powers which she attributed to many agents were concentrated in one self-created spirit, her soul seemed to dwell on the glory of the image

she would go and fetch our babe, and ask again and again, if I did not love its mother as that mother loved the father. "See how it smiles, just as Christian smiles when he dotes upon its mother;" could I but love and be blest? Yet were not these lighter charms all that bound me to her. A halo of angelic light fell around her when she would tell me of the blest Elysianim Mirii, or glorious Tamahain,* all its pictures, so decidedly drawn from her own chaste mind—the valleys of its eternal sunshine—the odour of its ever radiant and blooming gardens—the unruffled waters of its glassy oceans. Then would she tell how love, and music, and peace, and gladness, were to unite beloved ones; and when she imaged the presiding spirits of these heaven-built dwellings, she gave them all we can conceive of purity and perfection. What had not the revelation of nature given her of sublimity? Then she spoke of the Taaroa,

* See the account given by Ellis of the religious belief of the Tahitians. Note (Q.)

that seemed not to know how to tell its fullness—such was my loved wife; that which to acquire in our land is the effort of years was with her but the intuition of the moment. Her music was beautiful—her sense of it exquisite; delightful it was to look upon her countenance, as I breathed forth the sound of my flute; with hands clasped and uplifted eye, she seemed lost in the rapture of intense feeling; and then again would she warble forth a wild strain of such powerful but chaste melody that I doubted whether science itself could add a charm. Varied as the rich song of the lone bird of eve—rising into the full high swell, to fall in silver sounds to the depths of melancholy softness. I have often wept at these songs; and when I would teach her words that spoke of my native home, at once she would enter into their meaning and give them force. Then would the fond creature weep with me, and ask, if the fair ladies of that land I mourned for would be more loving, more faithful, than my Aimatta; and

rejoicing to our labours and our sports, and months of sweet union and peace bore along their untrifled course.

The measure of my own happiness seemed now about to be consummated : Aimatta was soon to be a mother. What days of innocence did I not trace out for our offspring—receiving all the advantages of education, yet ignorant of all the evils which follow high cultivation ! Here no syren voice would call the untutored youth into temples of dissipation ; here refinement and innocence would go hand in hand, nor purity learn to blush at knowledge. How oft, when labour had ceased, and every sound slept breathless, the sun mellowing all things with hues softening as the sensations awakened in our own bosoms, have we pictured the life of our future offspring ; how delicious, then, was it to mark how Aimatta was moved and roused, as if by some new-born spirit within her mind.

In my boyhood I had often watched some favourite flower, seen it open, and gazed upon its expansion with a sort of adoration, a feeling

sweeping down to the rent shore, where, amidst dizzy precipice and fearful cavern, nought molested the solitary home of many a winged wanderer of the ocean, save the hoarse echo of the angry surge.

It was not long before our habitations bore the appearance, if not of luxury, yet of comfort; and the natural feminine delicacy of our women found a thousand methods of increasing our happiness. All was cleanliness and occupation within our dwellings; the earliest dawn heard the voice of gladness pouring forth its song; and the token of affectionate remembrance was laid on our pillows, or wreathed in our hats,* in the fresh flowers which the hand of fondness placed there.

Then we found our repast laid with such neatness, and tended with such care, that nothing was left us to wish or ask for. Our morning devotions breathed to that Power whose mercies to us had been so great and so many, we went

* A custom particularly spoken of by the visitors to this island.

in front was almost of a circular form; it was a slope of the freshest and greenest sward, and opened but in one point to a view of the sea, and this was through a narrow break in the cliffs which frowned over the ceaseless lash of the surgy wave : something of fear lest a stray sail might catch a glimpse of our happy home made us still allow a row of lofty trees to intervene between this partial catch of the ocean. Again, the eye towards the north rested on two deep ravines, darkened by the impenetrable wood which clothed their sides, as they stretched off to the distant hills. Towards the north-east rose groves of pines, bearing aloft their graceful plumes to the refreshing breeze, while the bright blue horizon broke through the long and stately stems; nearer in the east stood thicker groves, amidst which was our house of prayer. The picture was finished in its distance by the rugged peak of mountains—now rent in rocky boldness—now clothed with verdant woods, bearing high above all minor lines, and then

gion. Though thus civilized in powers of mind, our habitations perhaps told something of an early sojourn; they were rude, but substantial; constructed of wood, the roofs formed of rafters of the pine, through which were laced the leaves of the same tree; along the upper apartments were our sleeping rooms; our bedsteads were formed of planks or laths, raised much above the floor in the angles of the room; they were made out of the cloth tree, the mattresses of the palm leaves, and the coverings of the cloth plant beaten out. The lower part of the cottage was used as the eating-room; its furniture was but rough; it consisted of a long table in the centre, and a few stools. In winter it was protected against damp, as it was raised many feet above the ground on stout planks; and the heat of summer was equally excluded, as one side was so constructed as to admit of being laid open or let down; while outside were sheds attached to each cottage for beating out the cloth—for the poultry, pigs, &c. The ground

to my feelings towards him. His story, too, appeared to bear in sympathy with his frame of mind. He seemed marked out for trial and suffering, being born amidst storm and tempest.

His mother, a beautiful woman of high connexions, fell in love with a young officer in the navy; he was ordered afloat shortly after a private marriage had taken place,—to accompany him as his wife was impossible—to separate seemed equally so; and in the disguise of a young sailor, the devoted wife followed the fortunes of her husband; but, amidst storm and tempest, the secret was revealed: Davis was brought into the world. The parents, vessel, all, save the infant and one solitary seaman, were wrecked. *He* knew little of the real parentage of the child, but he never deserted it; educated it as well as his slender means admitted, and the natural taste and talent of Davis led him to embrace every advantage that offered itself. He placed him early in the navy; but an unluckly accident gave a turn to his character

which no after impressions could ever soften. One day, dining with a number of other mess-mates, a gentleman's servant happened to be invited to join them : Davis was at this period about twenty. Many of them were telling tales of early adventures : " Mine will, from earliest birth, outdo all your marvels," said Davis. He told his story ; and the servant instantly recognised the son of the daughter of his first master. The name of the vessel—his own, Davis—after his father, — the dates all accorded. Davis at once learned that he was the grandson of a nobleman, and heir to at least ten thousand pounds a year ; but how identify himself, the only witness was no more. He made every application to his mother's relatives, but he was derided as an impostor. A distant heir now held his rightful heritage. He was, therefore, still obliged to submit to work his own way through life ; but the knowledge of the high claims he really possessed gave a darkness and discontent to all he did or said. Thus, with

a mind prepared, he was but too ready to enter into our schemes on that fatal night. A man of strong impulsive passions, the novelty of his situation soon wore off and left him restless and unfixed; unfortunately, the wife he had selected on leaving Taheiti had few of the charms that distinguish its females. She did not understand Davis. She was obedient, but indifferent; he was a little fond of her; his affections, however, were unattached, till, unfortunately, the handsome wife of Taboua won all his attentions; he became devoted to her. It was the first object in life he had ever known affection towards. Alas! that all the fervour of such a disposition as his should have been so ill directed; how could it but work a world of misery! He saw the gulf before him, but he had no barrier either of principle or religion to impede his progress; save that Idia had much right feeling, much good about her, which checked his presumption, he experienced no other stay. Idia innocently accepted all his kind-

ness ; she found her loveliness and joyous temper drove all sadness from him ; she was vain of her powers, but her heart was as yet untouched. She still loved Taboua ; but he knew not how to retain that love, or Idia would have remained innocent. Davis was a man of a remarkably handsome appearance, manly above all his companions, and when won to merriment, could gladden us all with his song or his tale—fatal attractions for the untaught Idia, who with delight would sit and listen to marvels of other lands. Davis was always seen easing Idia of her labours and assisting her in all her exertions ; in the dance or boat, Davis was always her companion, while Taboua turned sullenly away from her, or gave his commands with severity ; dissension was ever between them, and often, I am sure, poor Idia felt his unkindness, and in the gaiety of her heart rather sought Davis's attentions as a solace for her husband's harshness, than as finding any real satisfaction in them. At last, this once faithful

pair evidently became perfectly estranged from each other. I feared to argue with Davis, for I feared to shew him the possibility that such feelings as his could exist among us. The hope of concealment sometimes, I fancy, checks the career of crime.

With regard to Taboua and ourselves, a still more fearful result, I perceived, was working. The wrongs of Taboua were exciting a spirit of mutiny and discontent amongst the natives. The accustomed work was left undone. There was an evident determination to separate themselves from us ; at the same time a pride they had never evinced before, in assuming an equality with us ; none of the buoyancy of spirit, the convivial greeting of a morning, the lingering of social converse before parting at night, remained ; and what still more alarmed me was, the gloomy darkness which followed them into the house of prayer. Towards myself they still displayed an air of respect, nor did I think it wise to carry a high hand over them. I allowed

them greater relaxation and mingled more with them. But when I did retire, when in sadness I wandered towards my cave and there sought meditation and reflection, my day-dreams seemed fading fast away; truth would flash and reveal them in all their native colouring. Till now, hope had borne me above all fear and all weakness; but despair whispered that I had nothing more to look to. Personal support I certainly gained in a higher degree. As my earthly hopes appeared to vanish, I found a spirit of holiness sanctifying and exalting my nature; but still, though it supported and subdued my own inward suffering, yet it could not check the growing storm. I stood like one roofless and shelterless amidst a desert waste—one who sees the dark clouds gathering, hears the thunder roll, and lightnings play, yet must weather all the storm, and powerless stand beneath it.

In vain I gathered them oftener together; the social compact was broken—they all felt that a murderer was amongst them, and they could

not be happy. Suspicion lurked in every bosom, and under it every man felt he was humbled, as he held not the same place in his fellow's estimation. The blacks smarted most severely beneath it; and the work they once undertook with pleasure was now burthensome. Taboua was evidently the instigator; jealousy of Davis was rendering him a very maniac in violence. I now endeavoured to reason with Davis; but he bid defiance to all ideas of right. What! I talk of law, who had broken through all law; I, who had won them from their homes and their friends! Was I to lord it over them? I was but the tyrant I had urged him to flee from. He spoke a frightful language with regard to Idia; and the sacred ties we had taught the unlettered savage to estimate, he derided. In a community so small as ours, nothing but the strictest purity in all its members could give the smallest prospect of happiness or comfort; but Davis had displayed an awful contradiction to all rectitude; hints he

had thrown out that made me shudder, and at once enveloped his character with a guilt that was horrible to contemplate. I parted from him, and endeavoured to assume a manner of indifference, idly persuading myself that perhaps conscience would speak for me. But no ! he had gained his purposes ; and it was but too evident poor Idia was wholly weaned from the smallest regard towards Taboua, who now called loudly for redress. I at once told Davis that some means must be taken by the community to redress the wrongs of Taboua ; they were not alone *his* wrongs, but the wrongs of the whole society. He laughed, and bade me form my court.

One amongst us I felt would aid me in bringing Davis to punishment—it was Cambell ;* he, like myself, was partly Scotch ; with all the shrewdness of his native land, he possessed all the meekness and benevolence of a true Christian, still firm and unflinching in his purposes. I never saw his fellow ; one who could face

* Note (T.)

danger with such unmoved nerves. He was many years my senior. To will and to do was ever one with him; but that will was always poised and weighed well before he determined on acting. Everything connected with mind, manner, and even dress, was so regulated, so calm, so subdued, that I often wondered how a being about whom all seemed so admirably arranged, could be led to join us in our mutiny. I could put it down but to one trait in his character, which was, the exalted idea he maintained of the dignity and station of man, not as a member of society, but as a member of God's creation. Cambell looked upon all grades of society with the same estimate; he seemed to regard them, only to remember they were the children of Him who made all things, and not as connected with nation, government, or station in life; nor was this view of man more extended than it was exalted, for he said, if we are all of one stock, why should we each and other use less endeavours to hold our station? Earthly

parents, he said, when right-minded, do they value their offspring in reference to their profession or rank? Nothing in this life ought to be estimated but in regard to its intrinsic value; all outward advantages are mere borrowed goods; they are no more the property of a man than the fictitious character of an actor is his own natural one; that only is part of man which is linked to his immortal soul—that never-dying existence—that tainted, that touched, at once lowers him; he at once falls from that high sphere he was made heir to; the same prize is for all, the same heritage awaits all! Thus, regarding his own station in the scale of mankind, he was the last to submit to oppression, and of course the first to resent it. Not that I think Cambell retained the smallest revenge towards his oppressor, but feeling he was degraded by his tyranny, that, therefore, justice demanded redress. Though much may be urged against such a mode of reasoning, yet was it one which, to his own mind, softened

much, if not all, the pangs which otherwise would have arisen and darkened the mildest and most benevolent of dispositions ; this, while it soothed all which related to individual feeling, gave him just the fit and proper conduct towards those with whom he was now so closely connected. The unlettered savage of the desert was just as dear to his affections, just as highly estimated as *man*, as would be the proudest monarch of the east. Cambell was truly a citizen of the world. To him, then, I looked as my sole and only support in the trying difficulties, I well knew were crowding round us. I saw, too, that these peculiar characteristics had given him a high place and power over the natives ; he had wound round their hearts, and gained their confidence and sympathy. The females all looked to him with veneration and regard ; towards them he always appeared to bear a chastened respect ; and by the gentleness of his own manner, to teach them a lesson to direct theirs. With regard to the men, he

carried that demeanour which maintained his own dignity, and at the same time had nothing but conciliation in it ; he entered heart and soul into their labours, their wishes, and their pursuits, ever seeming to look upon them as equals ; and it was by that happiest of all powers, if not an actual, an apparent oblivion of self, Cambell won affection. The mind was carried back to the beauty of patriarchal life when it beheld Cambell, with his fine illumined countenance, conversing with, and surrounded by, young and old, all rapt in deep attention, as he poured forth a strength of eloquence and conviction that bore almost the impress of inspiration rather than acquirement. I remember well the last time I so saw him, seated beneath our favourite tree. The shades of early evening were throwing bright and glowing tints amidst its recesses and alleys ; while the groups gathered around him, so peculiar in form and picturesque in attire, gave to the scene a character quite its own. The children gambolled

at his feet, while the dusky natives sat nearest, as if anxious to catch every sound, and enter into the full extent of his meaning.

The tale he was this evening relating to them was one from scripture. I remember it well: he told it in their native language, which, at all times soft and liquid, sounded peculiarly so with his harmonious voice; he had acquired their tongue with extraordinary facility and comprehension; I even listened to his tale as if it were a new one to my ears, and as if memory had wandered back for the first time to give reality to the scenes he was drawing from. It was the entrance of Noah into the ark. How strongly outlined was the sublime character of the righteous man modelled by his hand as given in strong contrast to the sin and darkness which surrounded him, shining like a star amidst a firmament of storm and dimness. He told of his pitying urgency to a guilty world to rush from death and destruction, of his sorrowing meditation, as revelation gave to his mind's eye all

that was gathering around them, and then of his undoubting spirit, as it supported him in the midst of all his own trials and suffering. But when Cambell came to open to them the first moments of the penalty of disobedience, the dread scene appeared to rise up before us — the agony, the wrenched affection, the horror of reproving conscience, the defacing of all the beautiful world—we seemed to hear the rushing of the waters; to see the millions of floating objects on their raging surface; then the roar of thunders, the crash of destruction, the lightnings, and the tempest of winds. Then the individual feelings of each sufferer: the parent, the child, the wife, the husband—at this you might see each cling, as it were, closer to the other. Aimatta was by my side; our infant slept in the arms that twined us both in one circle. The tear-drop dimmed not only the eye of the softer-hearted, but even the rough swarthy cheek was not unmoistened, when he finished the scene of desolation and crime—when he told how the

waters closed over all things—over all these hopes, fears, and affections; but when he saw them cast down; when he saw them shuddering at the dread result of guilt and sin; he bade them look to the ark of promise that rode triumphant over the world of waters, to think of the pure rejoicing spirits of its religious inmates, and, like them, to go and guide their hearts along the peaceful track of godliness; for we are all sprung from that holy man, though generation has told on generation; and Cambell looked around him as if he felt nothing could sever the link of old, or as if it was but one of yesterday, and that, in the closest sense, he sat amidst his brethren. He ceased to speak. We were all silent for some time, then all went to the house of prayer, and separated for that night, I am sure, all better men, for he, the reprobate, was not amongst us on that evening. But alas! a few days seemed to have effectually done away with the impressions which Cambell had made on the evening I have just described; and it was

evident Davis was counteracting every effort of mine and Cambell's to bring back peace and affection to the standard it once maintained. Davis had now with undoubted success established himself as the one sinned against and not the sinning one, had worked upon the unreasoning mind of the natives, by persuading them they were oppressed by the white men.

This his own altered line of conduct fully evidenced. Now constantly mingling with the natives, as if to share their labours, and taking their very burdens on his shoulders, a mutual and secret understanding existed between them, from which Cambell and myself were wholly excluded. Whisperings and divisions arose, where heretofore we had been but as one large family in our sports, our work, and our idleness. It was plain, and with success too, that he was labouring hard to undermine all our past exertions, and to destroy all our future hopes; but his dark train was too deeply laid for us to detect it. From Taboua we in vain would elicit something

that might be a clue. Taboua's complainings were now turned into vindications that "Davis was a wronged man, and that *he* at least could feel for others' injuries.

Things had for some time gone on in this doubtful manner, when one morning going in search of Aimatta, I was passing that spot of our hamlet which the women occupied whilst beating out the materials for making our matting and clothing. That I should hear their voices in song was not unusual, for it was generally thus they beguiled them at their work; but I was arrested by an air, if it might be so called, to which they all now joined in chorus. It was new to me; I stopped to listen; they pretended not to see me, but of that I doubted much, for the termination of each verse was sung over and over again, with something of a repetition unmeaning to an ear that did not catch more than the mere words of an idle song.

"Go not, go not forth; to war with good white man,
To sharpen axe, black man; go not, go not forth."

I carelessly observed to one of them, "From whence this new song?" She would have said something, but I saw the dark eye of Idia turn on her with a frightful look of threatening, and I then distinctly remembered I did not hear Idia's voice while listening to the women. I called Aimatta aside, and though, as I perceived, anxious to tell me something, she feared to do so; and lest I might involve her in danger, I purposely avoided questioning her. After staying some short time with Aimatta, I sought Cambell, but did not find him till late. On his return home, I related to him what I had heard in the women's song, and my worst fears, from the altered demeanour of the natives, and the sudden intimacy of Davis with them.

"Mine are not less alive than yours can be," said Cambell. "From a conversation I have lately held with Taboua, my suspicions are too just; I am convinced he has some hidden, some frightful crime to reveal."

“ Taboua !” I replied, “ why, do you suspect him of the murder ? Taboua, no, no ; his secret is of *him* who destroyed poor Canda, and who that was we cannot doubt. Taboua felt no hatred towards the wife of Davis, and I never gave credit to the tale of Davis of his having met Taboua coming down from the peak terrified, and in haste, the evening of Canda’s death : but this story took with some, I am sorry to say. Towards Taboua a feeling of suspicion is working in the minds of many, while an opposite party rouse his rage by holding a different opinion. To this side Davis has, however strange it may seem, joined himself, and is now exciting a spirit of revolt by impressing on their minds that they are injured and wronged. We know what it is to experience an unjust contumely ; to see ourselves severed from our fellow-creatures through falsity is the bitterest of all sufferings. We must yield under justly-imputed guilt ; for even those who would separate from us must, in their very severity, be admired by the suffering.

Guilt puts man out from the presence of his God, and must at once change his relative position with regard to mankind.

“ Yet, Cambell, the condemnation of a higher power is not yet revealed ; and how can we always know whether actual guilt exists, or what aggravation may have added to, or taken from, a crime in the sight of Heaven ? In this case, however, no doubt can remain as to the full extent of condemnation due to Davis. His crime is a decided one.”

“ Still,” replied Cambell, “ if we gained the confirmation of it from a witness of his guilt, what should we be the better ? Situated as we are, what steps dare be taken on our parts ? Often since have I meditated how far the proof of the crime would warrant self-delegated power to use authority in bringing the aggressor to punishment. Blood calls, however, for blood, not alone by human, but divine laws.”

I replied, “ Certainly ; of that we have no doubt ; but how gain a decided proof of our acting under the justice of that law ?”

Though Taboua, or any other, might have been an eyewitness, yet in this case how can even an eye-witness judge whether poor Canda's death arose from accident or murderous intent. Davis may plead the first with a thousand arguments, concealed from us at present; of his intentions Taboua could give no evidence; calculate the evils that might arise from a failure of conviction. What a weapon should we sharpen in Davis! fill a poisoned bowl that we ourselves must drink! In *our* minds his guilt is undoubted, reasoning as we do from character and circumstances; still all this is not within the compass of many of the natives' minds. They will be actuated by selfish views; they will say, if they thus condemn their own countrymen on doubtful evidence, what have we to expect? This is the spirit which Davis is now infusing into them, preparing for the charge."

"Yes, Christian," added Cambell, "we must work gently and kindly. The serpent is, I

grant you, twining himself amidst our most cherished paths; yet let us not pluck up all their flowers; still let some remain to conceal its windings; we at present know danger is lurking there, and we must tread lightly, lest, before we are guarded, we rouse its deadly venom; let us remember we are to act with all the cautious wisdom of our foe, yet are to be as gentle as doves."

"Believe me," said I, "the vulture is now soaring in triumph over our heads. Why not bid him go out from amongst us, and threaten him with an immediate death if he refuses? Believe me, conscious guilt will make him weak; it will bring forth confession. Cambell, it must—it must be so." As I was going to add more, I thought I heard a rustling not very far from the spot on which Cambell and myself were seated, as if a person with a quick step or run had past away. We both turned round instantly, but could see no one. It was quite dark; the moon was just up, and behind was a thick

copse wood, from whence the rustling appeared to proceed : we were silent for a second, when Cambell said, “ All the men were busy and within the hamlet when I came away but Davis ; therefore, whatever we do, we must do speedily, lest he should have overheard us. To-morrow Taboua must be questioned ; on him depends all.” Then fearing we might still be watched in the path homeward, we bent our way thither in silence.

It was a lovely night ; one of those beautiful southern nights which chasten, yet brighten, the earth, sea, and sky, deepening every shadow, silvering every light. I thought, as I looked upon the calm full moon, moving amidst her thousand luminaries, of days of childhood, days of boyhood, and now of my days of manhood ; of what she had looked upon in my changeful but short career, — what if she might then reveal but a moment’s knowledge ; and I thought, could some bird, like the one of legendary lore, fly to that silvery dwelling and

bring us a story from thence of what she has witnessed while looking on this our dark dwelling—what a tell-tale revelation would it be; countless, as the thousand branchings from the seed which that bird of old was said to have brought from thence to plant on earth.* Unlike the dazzle of sunbeams that may not be rested on, man gazes upon her as she walks along her silent path in quietness, as a something to which he fears not to disclose the workings of his soul; whether that soul is torn by passion, or oppressed by sorrow; whether affection or fondness is breathing there; the living and the dead seem to rise around him. He thinks of parents, of dear ones, thinks upon her chaste beams falling on the distant graves of lost ones fonder still; what tales she could tell, too, of days of wooing, days of romantic hope, of young and ardent whisperings; but

* A legend of the South Islanders, that a bird had flown to the moon, and from thence brought the seed of the banyan tree.

also of the reverse—of crime, and guilt, and darkness ! Davis then arose to my mental view, —what must be the workings of such a breast as his, alone in such a scene ? I turned from the picture, for I shuddered to look upon it ; and we soon entered upon our little hamlet.

We found Davis gaily talking with the natives, and, what was an unusual circumstance, even Taboua was among the group ; and, as I for a moment stopped to look at them, I wavered to think Davis the villain my fears a moment before had pictured him. The light of the moon-beams were full on his fine manly figure ; a stamp of superiority sealed them, marking in stronger impress his contrast to the dark companions who stood beside him. The party were now throwing javelins at a mark by way of practice for the following evening, when we had agreed to have a fishing party, now the nights were so brilliant. Though the natives were of fine, well-proportioned forms, yet they wanted the grace and finish visible in Davis ;

as his athletic arm raised and poised the javelin the full strength of every muscle was called into play. Cambell and myself agreed, as we looked on their sport, we had never beheld a more perfect model for the sculptor's chisel than Davis at this moment presented. The sport finished, the women with their lighted torches led the way to our chapel for evening prayers, singing the evening hymn, after which we all separated for the night, nor dreamt what the next would bring forth.

When the following night arrived, it was even more beautiful than the one in which Cambell and myself had held our conversation; and, living as we were with so little active or stirring existence around us, nature to us was every way an object of minute scrutiny. This memorable night was one, indeed, of august tranquillity—deep, still, breathless; the heavens luminous with stars, the dark foliage slumbered beneath their shining; the moon wandered amidst their diamond paths; and all lay mirrored on the

tiny ruffles of the broad-bosomed ocean. I delayed each measured step to luxuriate in such sweet loveliness. There are feelings which steal over the mind of man he can compare to nothing but to those which in olden times were attributed to sybil powers; a mystic revealing, a prophecy of the mind, too undefined to be even guessed at, yet not less believed. I stood watching each companion as they passed along; the moon lighting the scene—that scene perfect in its character. On either side of us rose the high, irregular cliffs, wooded to the very pinnacles; here, strong partial lines of brightness—there, deep and hollow caves lying in unbroken gloom—while the rugged path could be clearly traced, as the figures bore their way down its declivity, with their fishing-tackle slung across their shoulders, their manly and graceful forms partially attired; each footfall came on the stillness of night, with a sort of even and almost musical sound, for not a voice was heard. In silence they reached the golden beach, that little

golden spot on which we had first landed ; the huge dark rocks rose on either side of it ; to-night the soft sea-waves came dancing in joyously, like a playful child, till with fairy touch they broke on the sand ; all beyond was luminous with silver tinting, and on this strand quickly all was active life—some launching their canoes, others preparing their nets and spears. At last, each being ready, the dark forms have entered their canoes. I see them passing through the shiny paths of light ; hear the sound of voices murmuring across the waters ; now they reach the reef, and not a breath is given ; my own little bark floats on the undulating waves. One moment I look on that I had left—the lone island ; there it stood amidst ocean's space, its grotesque outlines shewing, as it were, tower and battlement ; its caverns' mouths opening as if dungeons of captivity. I could have sat for hours picturing tales of romantic, chivalrous story, amidst the hushed stillness, the delicious whispering, of the ocean—sole harmony that floated in the mid-

night air; but suddenly I hear a loud pealing burst of human voices, making the vast solitude re-echo with life again. In a moment torches glare along the reefs; I see the strong arm raised on high; the poised javelin breaks through the watery surface, while each dark figure seems to rise and walk, as if passing along a volcano's glare—a glare rising up to heaven, paling all minor rays; torch on torch bears along, while each moving figure seems walking on the flaming waters: as I approach nearer, I enter into the spirit of the sport. I, too, am on the reef—now we watch our prey—one hand bears aloft the burning brand, the other holds the weapon, ready to pierce our victim. Again we stand mute and fixed, looking like the magic spirits of an unknown world risen to view the contending elements of fire and water.

At last, wearied, I entered my canoe and put to shore. I did not land at our usual station, but higher up, among some large and massive

rocks. This spot was rather in the shade ; but still I thought I could distinguish two figures issuing from a small cave ; the voices were whispering, and the steps were evidently taken in caution. I now drew back, but was still sufficiently near to distinguish their conversation, and to watch their movements. They stopped ! I was almost certain of one of their persons ; suddenly coming more forward, the light of the moon fell on them ; they stood before me ; one spoke low ; I caught the words—" Not yet. He must be our first ; his arm and courage is the strongest ;" and Davis was revealed in all his deep, dark character of fiendish malevolence. " Wait," said he, going back to his companion ; " they are returning."

" Stop them on the beach, then."

This was spoken in the native tongue ; but so deep and husky, I was doubtful by whom it was uttered. Davis continued—

" Now I can distinguish them—bear out and light the torch ; I'll down upon Taboua the first ;" while he was answered by his companion,—

“ No, no, I dread the Oramatuas ;* I cannot go—go thyself ; roll on them like the billows of the ocean ; fall on them like the forked lightnings of heaven.”

“ Do you not fear me ?” said Davis, in a raised voice.

“ I dread the Teafao† more.”

“ I am one, if you comply not,” he replied. “ See, they are close—now ;” and he seized his companion ; held the now lighted torch in one hand. The person who stood before me in the strong glare was the affrighted form of the beautiful Idia. He dragged her on—they are both in their canoe—I watch them go out to meet the returning party—I pause a moment ; and then, by leaping over some slight impediments, find myself the first in contact with the whole party. The natives were the first to land. Davis, in their own language, as they did so, said,

* The spirit of a departed relative, who, they suppose, has the power of cursing the living.

† The name of one of Oramatua.

“ Ready for more sport ? ”

“ Yes, heart and hand.”

They pause—what an interval for me ! To seize Idia was now my first object, as by revealing all she might yet save us. She was gone—an instant, and all was confusion and strife. Every weapon within reach is seized—the torches flare in each other’s faces—huge stones slung by the natives fall like rain, wounding and stunning the whites. Davis I saw giving axes to many of them ; and then the song of the women rushed to my memory—we were all to be exterminated ! I now grapple hand to hand with Davis ; I wrench his weapon from him ; my arm is raised ; I would have levelled him to earth, but Idia is by his side. She dashes his axe back again—he seizes it—his is now to be the death-stroke—a form rushes between us—it is the form of my beloved Aimatta—she receives the blow—falls at my feet lifeless ! Now, indeed, the tiger venom is roused. Maniac-like, I bear on my foe. I feel my eyes

glare—my teeth are clenched—and I rush foaming on the murderer. Mine was the grasp of a fiend. I felt a very devil. I raised him in an iron hold, and then dashed him with giant force on the rocks beside me. He lay a corpse, his skull was riven and rent by the mere strength of my arm. I looked on his hideousness, and even smiled to see the deadly sight. Other hands than mine had been busy; the beach was one scene of carnage; by an unseen force a stone was slung, and I dropped senseless beside the form of Aimatta.

When I again opened my eyes, all was dizzy to my sight; but I felt some hand chafing my temples—it was Cambell's. "Thank Heaven, you still live," said he. I raised myself, and turned to one who was by my side; but when I looked upon that form, I felt the world had nothing more to give or take away; but when Cambell said, "She still lives, rouse yourself," it was a voice of life. "Come," said he, "let us try and carry her to some place of safety; all

may yet be well." I endeavoured to rise up and stand; but I found it was impossible. Cambell advised me to wait for a few moments, till he bound up a dreadful wound I had received on the back of my head, and which he had not at first perceived was still bleeding.

" Ah !" said he, " that was the hand of Idia ; I saw it sling the stone ; but she has paid the forfeit of her crimes—yonder she lays."

The dawn was now just breaking in yellow, warm streaks ; the rising sun beheld the grave of our countrymen and of all our hopes. Cambell and myself alone were left ; they had, indeed, " sharpened the axe to kill the white man : " and she, the cause of all this ill, lay a lifeless atom amidst it all ; but still in death Idia looked beautiful. The wreath of crimson nona still partially confined her long silken tresses, blooming in mockery and unfaded freshness above her high smooth brow. The exquisite full eye was closed ; but there was something indescribably calm in the whole character of the coun-

tenance. Her head rested on an arm with which a Chantry might have been enraptured; and though her scarf fell over much of her chastely outlined form, yet sufficient was disclosed to shew it was perfection; and Cambell and myself looked on her with tears of bitterness.

After some short time, when I had bathed my wounds in the flowing tide, I found that I was now able to render Cambell some assistance in removing Aimatta, who still breathed, but that was all. I blessed the privacy of my cave, which I had always well stored with provisions, and now for the first time mentioned it to Cambell; but how to reach it was the difficulty, for though by sea it was easy of approach, yet by land it was hazardous; we must go through the interior of the island, and pass almost immediately by the hamlet, before we could gain it. On Cambell searching, he found the natives had taken away all the canoes. I remembered I had moored mine in concealment, when I joined the party on the beach. We had a faint hope that

it had not been discovered. Cambell hastened to the spot I described. He had just vanished behind the rocks when I heard the sound of footsteps advancing. I distinctly caught a voice, as they bore down the wood path immediately above my head ; a faint cold sickness stole over me ; to hesitate an instant was certain death to Aimatta and myself ; though sinking as it were on the earth, I raised her inanimate body, and staggered rather than walked to a spot that I trusted would afford security and concealment. My horror, my agony, amounted almost to madness : they came down upon the very beach I had left ! nay, approached almost into the very crevice where I lay trembling and shuddering. I clasped my beloved wife closer to my bosom ; then I thought of Cambell—should he come ! I listened, lest the beating of my heart should meet their ears. Taboua was of the party ; and oh ! bitterness of suffering ! he held my child in his arms. I could have rushed from my hiding-place, and snatched

him to my heart at the risk of existence; but his mother breathed, and was at my side. I have endured many moments of agony, but none like this contending one—never. I knew not what they purposed to do with my child—perhaps!—but no—*that* I was spared. I heard the kind-hearted Taboua say, “It was a bloody deed; good white man deserved not for the foe to rush on him like lightnings in the dark heavens; besides, he told us of joyful things above, but not for those who redden the earth with their brother’s blood.”

I saw him kneel over his dead wife; I saw the big tear roll down his dark cheek—he clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to the clear light canopy on high. My boy was beside him; he again took him up, and throwing a cloth over Idia, appeared searching among the dead. “Thy father is not here; but I swear before that bright and glorious spirit who lives in blessedness above, to be thy parent till called into his eternal dwellings.” This was uttered with all

the pathos and power of his native tongue, and spoken in angel language to my listening ear.

He turned to his companions, and continued—

“ Let not the sun go down upon this ——”

“ May the darkness of darkness,” interrupted one of them, “ be theirs; may they now bear the burdens they would have laid on us. If *he* be yet spared I have the *urili** that shall find him, though the *ma*† for him failed last night.”

Doubtless this was myself. Taboua reasoned long with them; and amidst all the fearful and dire feelings of that period, a whispering that I had at least converted and convinced one savage mind of truth was some feeble support. To me, too, it was an infinite consolation, that one had sworn to be a parent to my child. At last they bore away some of the dead bodies of our late companions, and then passed up to the hamlet.

I still delayed for Cambell’s return, who, like

* Stone.

† Axe.

myself, had heard their voices and remained concealed. He had found my canoe; and bearing the insensible form of Aimatta, he placed her in it, and we soon reached the point on which the cave was situated: but here a new difficulty arose—how to ascend without the aid of a rope-ladder; the precipice was almost perpendicular, and of many feet in height. We rested, and looked up the rocky sides with despair. “I will dare it,” said Cambell, “and Heaven will aid me.” It was frightful to watch this brave, good man, catching sometimes for life at a twig of a straw’s strength; then, again, I could see the earth he held for support crumble in his hand; hear it fall, and splash in the depth below him. Once I rushed forward; for I felt he must be dashed to atoms; his foot slipped; his support was gone; but resting an instant, flat and apparently without motion, he seized a shelving projection, gave one spring up on a plain surface, and at last reached the cave. I breathed again; and each answered the other

with a shout of joyfulness. He soon found a rope ladder within the cave, which he fastened to iron rings, placed on purpose in the rocks; threw it down, and fearlessly descended. How we, with Aimatta in our arms, reached the height in safety, I know not; but within the precincts of the cave we felt comparative security.

For days we watched Aimatta; at last remembrance returned, and then she spoke with all her own beautiful fervour of the enchantment of those regions she felt assured she would soon enter; and save when her mind turned to myself and her child, she appeared to have already passed into a land of paradise. The gratitude with which she dwelt upon the happiness of her present state, contrasting the darkness of her infant faith with the glory of her present knowledge, was a comfort and consummate blessedness to us; but she was soon no more. To tell all I felt would but mock what my sufferings were at this period. Silently, at midnight, Cam-

bell and myself laid her in a grave in that cave to which I had oft retired to dwell upon her with a lover's adoration, and all a husband's fondness ; but she had fallen asleep in peace, while I stood a bulk of wretchedness in a world of suffering : one light, however, shone still—it was my child.

Cambell had had several interviews with Taboua, and he now determined again to endeavour to conciliate the natives ; and he was, without doubt, a person well fitted to do so, being little outwardly moved by words or looks, and as little thrown out of his line of action by the conduct of others as it was possible for man to be. Not that he did not dive into and develop men's motives—not that he was panoplied in a coldness of disposition which so often gives to the character and conduct an appearance of inflexibility. No ; his heart was ever as ready to yield every tender sympathy to his fellows as his mercy was prompt to forgive, overlook, and soften their failings ; but while he gave

both forgiveness and pity, he was uninfluenced in any way in reference to his own individual feelings. He tendered all they needed, not because they either sought it or deserved it from him; it was theirs because he thought it was doing what he ought to do; he therefore seldom smarted under the lash of ingratitude. How well qualified, then, was such a character of strength to make its way through difficulty and danger. Like those mountains of the polar regions which catch and give back all the beautiful light and colour of the sun's rays, yet are unwarmed and untouched, I doubt if Cambell ever yet was thawed or moved by passion or feeling in one act of life. To the commission of the one great offence he was led, unlike all the other perpetrators, by cool and sober judgment; he reasoned that one man had injured many, and that he deserved to suffer. The rest had acted under the gall of individual wrong; reflection might have stayed *us*, but it would have strengthened Cambell. We turned from the

remembrance of our deed ; Cambell dwelt with pride upon his firmness, and gloried that compassion was not conqueror.

Towards the unhappy beings who had sought his life he experienced no resentment ; he looked upon them as deluded, and determined to conciliate and convince them,—and how well he performed his part ! We need only look to the tale, which many after years revealed, of the life and manners of the inhabitants of Pitcairn,* men resembling, in their purity of moral and religious principle, all the simplicity and holiness of primitive Christianity—all the blessed fruits, under God's assistance, of his patient, unselfish exertions.

Methinks I now, at these my closing moments, behold the venerable, patriarchal Cambell amidst his children ; that once smooth brow, marked, it is true, by the impress of time, yet

* See Beechey's Account of Pitcairn, on his arrival there many years after the event of this narrative, and his character of Adam, the only Englishman left on the island. Note (U.)

not a line of severity is there—still high, noble ; it is now shaded by locks of silver, which were once bright and raven. Yet has the change given nothing but a more endearing claim to those who have watched it for each succeeding period of his and their life. Has not all this brought with it but confirmation of his goodness and his greatness ? Nor can the olive-branch of immortality ever cease to bud and blossom over the grave of such a man, though he be laid in a small, lone isle of the far-off Pacific !

But to return. My determination was taken. I feared I might yield to Cambell's persuasions, and therefore concealed it within my own breast. Of my own fate I was reckless ; to see my child once again was all that detained me, and then to quit the protection of Cambell and Taboua. How without their knowledge to accomplish this I knew not ; but any risk was preferable to passing from this home without that sweet consolation of again beholding the son of her whose grave, day and night, I lingered over ;

her who in stillness and solitude I appeared to hold communion with. Yes, Aimatta; with nought to listen to, save the lashing of angry waves beneath; with nought for eye to look upon but beetling and rugged cliffs, the forest gloom and ocean's infinity; no light but the stars above; and no sound of living voice but the sea bird's scream, have I invoked thy shade! So perfect then has thy remembrance arisen before me that I have started to find it was not a reality.

It was night, and I had impatiently watched the sun go down amidst clouds of anger, crimsoned, as it were, with war's own tinting; the cavern seemed filled with wild and mysterious breathings, answered without by voices of unearthly sounds. The forest trees bent and cracked in the blast; the wild bird dipped a moment on the crested wave, and then, with pinioned strength, soared to mingle in the clouds and mist as they came driving on. It all accorded well with the wild reckless mind of

him who now was going forth to take a last long view of all that was dear and sweet on earth.

It was towards the hamlet, of course, I bent my steps. As I pased along and reviewed each well-known spot, my heart misgave me, and I wavered to bid an eternal adieu to all so endeared; but I remembered severed ties—the futility of every hope. All things had changed from summer's freshness to autumn's searing. On I went; I reached the grassy lawn of our hamlet; all was silent and shadowed—the impress of the grave was on all—the very moaning of the winds seemed the echoes of another world, as they breathed over the low-sheltered homes of our dwelling-place. I paused. I was close to the abode of my boy; but before I entered, I determined to form a sort of dark lantern of one of our large leaves. I sought it, and a rush in one of the outhouses, in which both were kept to preserve them dry; all there was as it was wont to be. I passed on to our house of prayer—I entered it, but so noiselessly that I

scarce heard my own stealthy footfalls. Here, too, all was the same as on the last morning we had met, at least in outward appearance; but where were its inmates?—here were their places. In the centre stood the raised seat of Cambell, from whence I had often listened to him pouring forth a strain of such sanctifying eloquence as might have drawn the very cursed back to holiness; but all now was hushed. I leant on the cold altar—I sobbed, I groaned, as the tide of remembrances came pouring over me. That night of carnage, the struggle, the scream of the women, the war-whoop of the savage, then the beseeching, the praying, of Cambell and Taboua for peace. I recalled the loveliness of the night, shining under its great Creator's hands, broken by cursing, by dying agonies, the yells, the maniac laugh of savage triumph. Then I thought of those golden sands on which our stranger foot had found resting with such joy—that very spot on which the lips of gratitude had been pressed, now streaming with

our blood ! What an awful reverse—I was stupified with the recollection—I leant my head on the stone—In a moment more I heard a foot-step—it approached—I remained breathless ; all was darkness—I stooped down behind the altar for concealment—my light was at the further end of the chapel—I could distinguish nothing. To be murdered at that very altar appeared a fearful thing—but still the step was approaching. I crept round and endeavoured to distinguish if any one was there ; as I did so, I felt something cold as death approaching my face, and the next moment I found my favourite dog fondling me. Was it a blot on my manhood ?—I wept. Never from that moment till the hour of its death did the fond, faithful creature part from my side ; for on that night, as if conscious of all my movements, it stole behind, and followed me from the resting-place of my boy. My child was sleeping by the side of Taboua, whose dark, swarthy arm supported his youthful head ; his cheek was fair, but the fringe that veiled his

eye was dark as the eye itself, and that was ebon; the locks, too, clustered around his young, clear brow, and the pouting lip of infancy was just as if about to lisp forth some sweet prattle of childhood's innocence. I gazed upon him, I knelt and prayed, and then pressed those lips, and rushed in agony from the spot!

The dawn of the coming morn saw me on the wide, wide sea. My dog was with me—day after day may have come and gone, I know not; for on the second I lay me down—Neptune's head rested on my breast—I fell asleep; when I opened my eyes once again, a rushing sound was around me, and I saw the faithful creature seated beside me, gazing intently on my face. I could see no more. When my senses returned, I found myself on board an American whaler, that had picked up myself and Neptune in our little canoe, floating, they said, like a buoy on a sea of glass. The captain, who was an honest, kind-hearted man, believed my tale of shipwreck, and that the fear of some of the natives of the

islands had induced me to escape in the manner they had discovered me. As I had still in my possession much money, I found little difficulty in making my way to my native home, where I was joyfully received by my relations, particularly by my old uncle, of the Orkneys. With reluctance I parted from them, but they could not protect me from the penalties of the law which I well knew awaited me if discovered. I accepted their bounty, which was liberal far beyond my wants. With them I have had no communication since; they know not my abode—and as “Mad Will of the Hills” I have dwelt here in safety and solitude. What my sufferings have been, this tale may tell—tell what passion unsubdued can work, and that in vain an escape is sought from

“Those rods of scorpions and those whips of steel
Which conscience shakes.”

My son, farewell.

CARROLL BELCARRIS;

OR,

THE LOST BOY.

“ GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :

* * * * *
* * had you such a loss as I——”

SHAKSPEARE.

WHOEVER looked upon sweet, jocund infancy,
and wished it not immortal? 'Tis indeed a
radiant thing,—'tis purity without a stain,—'tis
joy without a shadow. How brightly it comes
upon eye and heart, beautiful primeval child-
hood ! Its laugh alone is in itself a spell, a
charm ; its voice a sound of glad music ; then
its little prattle, so fresh and vivid. 'Tis angelic

earth has nothing to match with it. The first pure snowdrop which smiles upon the face of opening spring images its innocence, but then it wants its glow, its life; yet it resembles it when reflection pauses over dear infancy. The eye of futurity, sybil-like, then looks forth and reveals the strange complicated track of man's existence; forewarns of the fervent heat summer shall bring,—when passion shall work the decay of the garland hues of young life; when autumn's sear shall come, o'ershadowing the sunny pastures; and, last of all, when winter, with its chill, its nipping frost shall—but no, we will not blight the visions which floated around the adoring and lovely mother, as she fondled her bright, radiant boy. The delicate, fragile form of Mrs. Belcarris gave strong, but sweet contrast to her child's glow and bloom. She was reclining on a cushioned couch placed in front of the windows of one of the handsomest houses in Fitzwilliam Street; everything in the room bespoke wealth, elegance, and

luxury. The view at the back of the house opened away to scenes of which no city can give more delightful glimpses than Dublin. In front lay the broad open bay, busy with proud swelling sails; while the blue misty mountains rose up and mingled with the fleecy clouds of a sky now glowing with summer's first warmth; flowering exotics scented the air which gently played on mother's and boy's cheeks.

Mrs. Belcarris was still very young, and the happy mother of Carroll Belcarris, now four years of age. Did I say happy? happy was not the word to give an idea of Ellen Belcarris, as she now looked on the playful, gleesome boy who sported about her, full of fun and frolic, with his thousand little questions, his thousand little smiles,—now kissing mamma with buoyant delight,—now bounding, climbing, and romping, till the mother's tender heart trembled with fear, lest the darling of her life should, in his very joy, make himself ill;

but, as I said, happy was not the word to express that which Mrs. Belcarris looked at this moment; 'twas something beyond happiness—a feeling, deep, beautiful, like the glad dancing ocean, indefinable in its extent, boundless in its strength. Watch that same mighty ocean, as it comes in sometimes in little silver tiny waves,—what so sweet, what so delicious, as its brightness and its soft loving whispers! At this moment such it was which sported round the mother's thoughts and soul, making beauty there. The boy had knelt him down, one little hand was playfully laid on his mother's face.

“Sweet, sweet mamma, Alley's cheek is not fair, like mamma's cheek; 'tis such a pretty face, mamma's face. But why has she tears in her eyes? Mamma's own sonney will kiss them away.”

A tear *did*, indeed, tremble beneath the mother's snowy lid, as its long lash rested on her fair cheek.

“Why, sweet mamma,” said the boy, as he saw tears coming faster, as she looked upon him, “why?”

“Why! my own darling boy; you would not understand mamma if she told you why; for Carroll smiles and laughs when he is full of joy, and yet ’tis very joy and love for my own boy that makes my tears come.”

“Then I will kiss mamma again and again.”

“You are a very idol,” said Mrs. Belcarris, with rapture, as she gazed on her boy more fondly than before. And few mothers could have looked on that child, and not have felt that he was an *idol*. The golden curls clustered round his fair high brow, and fell in masses on his shoulders; they dazzled for very brightness. Then the rich brown of the well-set eye, with its long fringing lash; even now, almost in infancy, the countenance flushed and beamed with the expression of an expanded mind; the mouth, that beautiful feature which seems formed to disclose all the tender loving benevolences and

affections of the heart, what dear speaking thoughts and feelings does it not reveal when it smiles in infancy ? Then the colouring of the cheek, it was bloom indeed ; the fair white throat, the aristocratic set head, were all shewn off to full advantage, as the cambric collar was thrown open and turned back on the rich green-velvet tunic which was girdled round the waist, and descended just to the knees ; below this were the neat little trowsers, out of which peeped the slender feet and ancles. The boy was a very picture of childhood, in beauty, grace, and brightness.

“ Mamma, mamma, must Carroll go out ? Must he leave his own mamma ? He hears Alley coming to take him for a walk. It will make you sorry, wont it, for Carroll to go ? ”

“ Yes, sweet baby ; but it is good for you to walk, my darling, and mamma would not wish to keep you from what is good, though it is pleasure to have you with her.”

“ Then sonney must do as you do, mamma,

and go because it is good," and the little cherub put on a pensive, sweet look of sorry obedience. One, two, twenty kisses. He ran to the nurse and then back to his mamma, half laughing, half crying.

"Come, Master Carroll; come, *ma vourneen*, while the sun is looking on; it will be after raining shortly." Still the boy lingered. "Come, and we shall meet the gentleman that's so mighty good to you always; come, *ma vourneen*." Then bounding into Alley's extended arms, he prattled away down stairs.

Mrs. Belcarris, from ill health, had become indolent and listless; her's was not an indolence springing from want of feeling or sensibility, for she was all warmth and affection, as wife, mother, or friend. She pictured the very beau ideal of feminine loveliness; so gentle, so mild. And was it to be her fate to suffer, she would suffer in secrecy and silence, that none might feel a reflection from her anguish. To her it was pleasure still to repose and look on the

extended landscape, and watch its shadows ;—it was pleasure to her to sit in dreamy musings on her boy's future story ; pause on each childish perfection ; and, in fancy, watch its expansion as life was to draw on. Now he was just awakening, like the first dawn, all fresh, new ; now he was grown to manhood, active, noble ; then on, she saw him as the husband, father ; and then that brow must change its locks of gold—the hair must grow white ; but then the soul was subdued, purified ; and that silvered brow should, in trusting Providence, at last receive its glorious crown of immortality. She looked on the visionary picture with a devotedness which we may fancy swells some heaven-born genius, as he gazes on a new creation which has started into tracery at his magic touch. But mists were gathering along the horizon ; the atmosphere was densely thickening ; shadows came rolling over sea and mountain, as if nought save the lightning's flash could rend them. The mother's eye anxiously

watched the heavens; at last the clouds burst, and the rain came down in torrents; and when the thunder spoke, and the lightning flashed, her pale cheek flushed, her limbs trembled. She hastily rang the bell, and sent a servant with a cloak to Merrion Square, the place where the nurse was to walk with her boy. She watched the man as he passed up the street, and then watched on for their return. In agony, nay, almost in madness, hour passed over hour, messenger after messenger went out; her husband was far distant. At last, in hopelessness, she went forth herself. No tidings! the child and nurse had been seen by several in the square; and at the commencement of the storm, little Carroll Belcarris was observed, in the arms of a gentleman, passing down Holles Street; and, shortly after, a maid and man servant were seen running wildly in the same direction. Evening was closing in, and still the burning spot was on the mother's cheek; the straining eyeballs were still glaringly fixed on the street; the ear was

intensely, painfully, listening to every sound, every step. The police had been actively engaged; all that human means could devise had been planned and executed by that trembling, agonized parent. Oh God! to count such moments as hers! Oh the dead muffling of the bell that tolled them out, who can speak! Yet *the facts* of this tale *are* no fictions: a living parent has known them.

At length, two figures approach the door of Mrs. Belcarris, but no child. Ellen Belcarris rushed wildly down; frenzy was in her voice, her eye, her form. "Alley," she screamed hoarsely, "where! where's my boy! Speak!" she cried, in laughing bitterness, as she looked in Alley's face. That face told she knew not what; but it told, her child was not for her.

Again she screamed, "Has the lightning struck him? has heaven blasted my angel boy—my only child?" She seized the fainting woman, who could not speak. There was a dead, still pause, and then it was broken by one

long, harrowing shriek. The servants stood gazing at the almost corpse-like form which uttered that agonizing shriek, as it fell to the ground apparently lifeless.

Midnight came, and Alley still sat watching her mistress's pale, cold countenance ; but every now and then her eye turned to the door ; she listened ; she trembled if a footstep trod the pavement beneath the window. A knock *is* heard at the hall door ; Alley rushed down ; " Tidings ! tidings !" It was so loudly, wildly uttered as to rouse even Ellen Belcarris from the torpor of insensibility. They were tidings, but tidings without joy ; and morning opened in glory but to mock the mother's woe. She could not be comforted, for where was her child ? She woke to know but the bitter reality, from the vision which had shrouded her, for a brief space, in the frenzy of forgetfulness. She woke to hear the dread recital that told her boy was torn, wrenched from her. But there was hope ; hope he was not dead ! No human fiend trod

earth's circuit that could shed the blood of that beauteous, cherub boy. "I will arise—I will seek earth's confines till I find my child. Yes! a mother's instinct will lead me to his dwelling; Heaven's mercy will light me on; Heaven's strength will support me."

The father returned to his sorrowing home: he heard the tale.

Alley had been walking in the square, when a gentleman, who for the last three days had noticed the child, and petted him with cakes and toys, accosted them again; little Carroll ran on with him, and Alley, fearing nothing, seated herself on a bench under one of the trees. Not long after, perceiving the storm gathering, she went to the opposite side to seek the child and gentleman; but they were nowhere to be seen. At first, without fear, she took her way towards Fitzwilliam Street; the rain was pouring down in torrents; she met the footman, who had been directed to seek them in the square. The child had not returned home.

Both then went back to the inside of the square; perhaps the gentleman had sought protection under some of the trees; no. Every passenger was questioned; one individual had seen them, it was just in the centre of Holles Street. One circumstance Alley perfectly remembered observing—the gentleman had a *red umbrella* in his hand. Every one in the square, in Holles Street, and their neighbourhood, was questioned with regard to this particular fact; but though every heart bled for the parents, every search was made, every exertion used; all failed alike in gaining a clue to trace out *him* who had been guilty of such an inhuman, unnatural act.

The trusting, hoping parents, in restless search tried to find relief. They left their native land; and when they quitted their home—that home where their darling boy had so often hung in loving fondness on their necks, where his voice had so often spoken in gladness, and awakened a thrill which only parents' ears can drink in;

then his little playthings; his little simple books; the pictures, whose images he had conned over and over, and every infant lisping prattle as he had pointed them out,—all were treasured with dearer, fonder remembrance than aught this world's weal or woe could offer. With Ellen Belcarris even the wife's love seemed absorbed in the recollection of the lost child. She would steal from all, save her God's and her own heart's knowledge, with these treasured mementos, sanctified as holy relics; then would she sit and gaze on them; press them to her cold lips, and bedew them with her large salt tears of bitterness; but he to whom they belonged returned not to claim them.

Time wore on; years had been passed in traversing distant lands; and Ellen Belcarris's whole character and habits appeared to have undergone a total change. No longer the pensive, thoughtful, peaceful being we first knew her; her stream of life now took not its course in placidity through green and grassy lands. No!

it was the mountain-torrent; no obstacle, no toil, no season, seemed to hush it into quietness; on it bore in unceasing excitement. She lived in a constant state of restless hope; yet her health seemed to revive under it,—or perchance the intensity of that hope for another, and that other, an only child, rendered her almost insensible to her own mortality. She lived in a kind of false existence: nothing of this world that did not bear upon this hope, this trust, of again discovering her child appeared to awaken her, or rouse an instant's attention. Mr. Belcarris was, perhaps, of the two, the greater sufferer. The last glimmerings of hope had expired, and left in his mind nothing but the gloom, the stillness, of dark despair. If he saw a boy resembling his own lost dear one, he would fly from his presence, grind his teeth, and almost feel the venom of hate towards the innocent object.

Far different were the feelings of Mrs. Belcarris and Alley, Carroll's nurse. If they saw an infant whose sunny hair and bright dark

eye called back that treasured child of years gone by, they would fondle it, gaze on it, and almost feel they could snatch it to their bosoms, and shelter it there for ever. In memory, time had not passed over that boy. No! at morning's dawn, at the midnight hour, that child rose up to recollection, still in all the gambolling frolic of first childhood.

Alley loved the boy as none but Irish nurses can love. And theirs is a love of such devotion that to the cold, selfish soberness of English domestics, it bears the character rather of madness than reality.

Alley's own offspring, though cherished, tended, and guarded with affection, reposed not, as did the remembrance of Carroll Belcarris, in the deep recesses of this poor Irishwoman's heart; and, as she would say, "Och! to look upon my own darlint boy, my own heart's blood, but for one instant, I would be struck blind—I would shut out God's light for ever. *Ma vourneen, ma vourneen*, boy! to kiss but the

sod his own tiny foot covers, I would be a wandering *innocent*, begging my bread from door to door. The holy saints will bend their hearing from the heaven of heavens; Alley's voice will yet be heard in the dwellings of High Glory." And then poor Alley would look above to those skies, and a sort of unnatural joy would illumine her worn and sallow countenance; for time and suffering had been busy, making havoc there.

After years of wandering abroad the Belcarrises had returned to Ireland, and had gone to the north to spend the summer at Rostrevor—that little nook of the wild mountain, so verdant and so joyous, emblem of the transitory blessings of this world of sorrow.

This picturesque little watering-place runs along the confines of Carlingford Bay. The spot on which it is built is all greenness and richness; the thickly-wooded cliffs of oak wind off to the west, dipping their branches even into the tide's advancing wave; while, far as eye can reach, are

the cloud-capped pinnacles and bold varied forms of Ireland's most northern and loftiest heights; the Morne mountains rising, as it were, to mingle with the canopy of heaven; above all, when misty veilings have withdrawn their rolling vapours, is seen the peak of Sleeve Donald, bearing still, amidst storm and tempest, its lofty character, — fit emblem, too, of his nation, whose genuine and natural endowments no power, however ruthless, can crush or exterminate : the seed is there, though the culture is denied. On the opposite side of the river rises the rocky, rugged point of the Foye mountain, and at its barren foot reposes the wild, scattered, but picturesque town and castle of Carlingford. 'Tis all a picture, formed in one of nature's happiest conceptions.

A few days after their arrival at Rostrevor, Mrs. Belcarris and Alley had proceeded to take a walk, for Mrs. Belcarris seldom moved from the house without this attendant, idly hoping, that perhaps, even in their walks, some

lucky chance might bring before them the cruel spoiler of all her source of happiness.

It was a beautiful evening, and nowhere could lights and shadows tell so well as on the scene before them ; but even nature, in all her glory, was not marked by Mrs. Belcarris. She beheld, indeed, the white swelling sails, as they bore their freighted burdens from out the calm lulled bay ; but it was only to conjecture their destination,—to fancy they were being wafted to lands where might be the dwelling of her own bright boy. Alley's eye had not followed that of her mistress. A group of laughing children were romping on a little green swardy piece of waste ; the little noisy things, full of play, ran to meet the coming wave, then back in mirth again. Strange deception in Alley's mind, that still she would image Carroll but four years old, though ten long tedious ones had marked the period of his absence. The child she now noticed was poorly, but neatly dressed. She approached him and spoke ; he entered into

her good-humoured coaxing, and she sat down, and took him on her knee.

“My darlint,” asked Alley, “how old may you be?”

“Four and a half; and when I am ten years more, brother and I are to go to fight in battle, and then I am to come back, and marry Amy, though Charley says, he will marry her himself.”

“And who may Charley and Amy be, my fine little fellow?” asked Mrs. Belcarris, as she came up to the bank, on which Alley and the child were seated.

“And do you ask me, who my own brother is? There he is; he is just after being up to see Amy’s grandmother, and Amy likewise.”

A fine, handsome lad now respectfully approached Mrs. Belcarris, and moved his cap from off a head of no common mould, rich with the brightest brown hair; his eye was large, dark, but melancholy and pensive; his cheek pale, but not with the hue of ill health.

Mrs. Belcarris looked again and again at the lad. There was an expression, a look, she loved in that sad but fine countenance; there was something so graceful, so refined, too, in his movements; his attire, though neat, was made of the coarsest materials, and in fashion that of a sailor.

“Is this your brother?” said Mrs. Belcarris.

“He is my only brother, lady.”

“Have you any sisters?”

“I have one.”

“And what is your name? Is your father a sailor?”

“Our name is Regan; we live yonder, behind that second point, down in a narrow gulley. It is a pleasant wild place for those who love storms and tempests, rocks and woods; who find company in sea-birds, and can dance fearlessly among the breakers in one of our merry little boats: I love such a life dearly.”

“I should like to visit your cottage,” said Mrs. Belcarris, still more interested with the now flushed and animated boy.

“ And mother will bid you many a hearty welcome.”

“ And will not your father also ?”

The boy looked down and paused.

“ Father is a sailor,” at last he replied, blushing deeply ; “ and sailors are not gentle, like soft woman ; their words are like their profession, lady, full of uncertainty, though sailors are often better than they seem. Father is seldom at home, and mother is a lonely creature. You look so kind—forgive my boldness,” he said, reddening,—“ but I think you would soon learn to love mother ; you look so unhappy, just as she looks.”

“ Is your father at home ?” asked Mrs. Belcarris, much interested by the manner and words of the youthful speaker ; “ and would it be too distant to walk to your cottage this evening ?”

“ No ; father is gone over to England, and mother is up at poor old Madam Byrne’s. She watches her every night now,” and tears were almost in the boy’s eyes as he spoke on :—“ Poor

Madam Byrne is Amy's grandmother; and if she dies, Amy will have no one to love and bring her up; she will be lone as the sea-bird in the tempest."

"May we go and visit your friend Amy, Charles; for that is your name, is it not?"

"Yes, lady; and perhaps then you will help mother in nursing Madam Byrne."

Charles Regan, holding his little brother's hand, led Mrs. Belcarris and Alley up a road, and then on through a copsewood path along the cliff. It was a lovely walk, embowered in the green oaks, with patches here and there of barren rock and mossy bank, sprinkled with wild flowers. Beneath, and through the wood, you caught glimpses of the rippling waters, as they played, like fairy feet, on the bright gold sand. Mountain, sea, and wood, were all sleeping in sublime repose under their great Creator's watching. When such repose falls on nature's grandest objects, it lends them impressive interest and magnificence; such as we may

dream fell on the earth when first it started into being, and was pronounced all perfect in its goodness by its great Maker.

Charles and his little brother Robert prattled fast, as they led the way. At last they reached Wood Cottage, the dwelling of Madam Byrne. It was a humble abode, but it had nothing of the character of wretched Ireland in its aspect. It might have ornamented the high-rented domain of some of her selfish sons, who seek in other countries that comfort which, not incapability, but neglect, denies at home. Its local situation—its rustic architecture—its neatly trimmed garden—all were in keeping; and Madam Byrne's cottage was just the spot where some youthful lovers, in their fond wanderings, might pause and exclaim—"There is a home for love, for peace, for joy!" while romance shut out the possibility of change. It was a thatched building, on either side projecting into a small bow. Pillars, formed of gnarled trunks, supported a deep veranda, all wreathed with myrtles

and many a sweet and tender flower. In front sloped down a velvet carpet, on which the most delicate of fairy queens might have reposed when soft moonlight brought her favourite hour.

Beneath the porch sat three individuals, picturing three of life's stages. Madame Byrne's hair was silvery white ; her face nearly as colourless ; and, if that face had never been handsome, it was now something better—it was dignified, calm, and expressive. By her side sat a fair, fragile being ; her youth was past, but she was one for whom youth could scarcely be asked. Careworn suffering seemed to have marked her for its own ; but it worked on one so meek that pity could not have turned to that brow and deny its tears. Mary Regan looked not alone, but was, in truth, the most uncomplaining and suffering child of this troubled world. At their feet sat a being, of whom words would in vain essay to give a likeness. There was beauty in its most chaste, its most classic form and loveliness ; but when the little fairy form is grown and moulded into

womanhood, then, perhaps, we may tell if there be aught to which to liken it. Say, what is like those bright, glossy, chesnut locks? What, like those melting eyes of hazel, more timid than the fawn in their shaded modesty? What, like that cherub baby mouth? And now find something more fair than marble to give face and throat a comparison, and then you may form an image of Amy Byrne.

As Mrs. Belcarris looked at the group, she hesitated to advance,—she had not expected to see one so stamped with elegance as Madam Byrne. Charles Regan read her thoughts. “Shall I go and speak to dear mother and bid her come to make you welcome, kind lady?” Mrs. Regan instantly rose, and advanced with a manner the highest grades might not have blushed to have called their own. And ere the evening closed and Mrs. Belcarris rose to depart, friendship had sealed each party with its most pleasing impress.

Day after day passed on, and often found

this same party seated beneath the rustic porch. John Regan, they said, was still in England. Poor Charles at length poured all his grief and sorrows into the tender breast of Alley.

“ May my Heavenly Father, whom good Mr. Burke and my loving mother have taught me to worship and obey, pardon my rebellious spirit; may he pardon the bitter, hard saying, good Mrs. Alley; but, Alley,” — and sobs nearly choked his utterance,—“ but,” he repeated, bringing his mouth close to her ear, and in a hoarse voice, “ I hate, I abhor my father; I could utter even yet a more dreadful word.”

Alley started; she looked at the boy.

“ Whist! Whist! say not such a wicked thought; ’twill scorch up thy soul.”

“ It has already; but *his* ways are like no earthly ways; his heart is not belonging to man; the blood that fills his veins is not as others’ blood. Alley, I tell you, the evil one is his parent; his blood is black; ’tis like the stain earth received when brother first slew

brother. Such deeds I could tell you of!—but I must not. Do you not think God knows them, Alley? Don't you think he will call for vengeance? But I *will* tell you one thing,—my poor mother! Alley, if you could see him with open knife, and features swollen with beastly intoxication; his eyes glaring on my pale, meek mother at dark, dim midnight; then you would say it was a fiend! a devil!" The poor fellow's breath came tight and suffocating as he ceased to speak.

Alley spoke what words of comfort she might to the poor, afflicted boy. His tale was communicated to Mr. and Mrs. Belcarris; they made inquiries, and everything they heard corroborated the facts he had stated. Mr. Belcarris made him promise, that at any future period, should circumstances drive him to need protection from the cruelty of his parent, he would seek him, and his friendly aid would not be denied.

A few weeks more and Madame Byrne

breathed her last. Amy was now, indeed, bereft, and was, as Charles Regan said, a lone bird amidst a tempest storm. But there was a blessed haven yet for that desolate sufferer. Mrs. Belcarris took her home, and Amy Byrne became to her as a loving daughter. To whom Amy owed her parentage no one knew. Madame Byrne, as her grandmother was called, had brought her, while yet an infant, to Rostrevor, purchased a small piece of land, and built Wood Cottage. This was now sold, which, with the addition of some trifling sum, was all Madame Byrne had left her grandchild.

Years rolled on ; Amy grew into womanhood, but not as many grow, either in mind or heart. If she were all romance, it was deep, genuine romance. If she loved books, they were not the books which the young mind loves to con over : they were those of the remotest times ; classic tales, sung in the poet's page or written by the historian's pen. These were Amy's dearest pastime to peruse ; these, when they

spoke of Roman glory or Grecian refinement, was all the lore she asked to make her own. She lived a life of solitude, yet it was not solitude to her. Imagination made her a world more beautiful than this busy world, even when it yields all it can bestow. One dreamy vision haunted her path—it was Carroll Belcarris; she seemed to have known that bright boy, nay, she would often say to Alley, “we shall see him; he lives for us yet.”

“She is growing up a fair lily,” said Alley to her mistress one morning, “this same darlint Miss Amy; and yesterday they were after saying, that the Lord of Carra said she was the loveliest of the land, but that she was kept, like all precious things, too cased-up like, that she ought to be allowed to be seen, for it would make many a one happier to see such a pretty lady.”

“True, indeed, Alley, I am selfish, I fear, in secluding her so much; but I cannot go, much as I love her, and mix with the world again

—no!” and a tear trembled in the mother’s eye.

“No, in truth, dear mistress ; for there is but one spot on earth on which the sun can shine for us, and that’s where *he* is, and that——” she stopped, and for a few moments both mother and nurse wept bitterly. Mrs. Belcarris at last roused herself.

“I think, Alley, Amy shall go this year to the Tuam races. Sweet child ! Lady Carra will take her ; we will talk it over with your master ; they will take place next month, will they not ?”

It was talked over and arranged. The anticipation seemed to afford but small pleasure to Amy, although Lady Carra, her chaperone, a lively, gay woman of the world, told her she would certainly be the leading star of every eye, and enumerated all the joys of festival and gaiety.

The next important question was the dress. Amy had a peculiar style of her own, and the

elegance of mind that guided every action and movement shone out in this.

Yes, *ma chère jolie petite*, your taste is better than my fashion," said Lady Carra, when Amy mentioned what her dress should be.

Lord Carra was returning from the race-course, when some of his military friends joined him, and one of them said, "Come, Carra, be a generous fellow, and tell us the name of that lovely girl; you are a confounded monopolist to keep all the beauty for your own enjoyment; why, Lady Carra's carriage was the loadstone of the course to-day!"

"I know two of that," replied his lordship—"no! I like to keep the game in my own hands."

"That you shall not do, I swear," said the first speaker; "I know I am the ugliest fellow in the world, but *you* shall be my instrument," he added, looking at one of his companions, "to punish Carra's deuced selfishness; no woman can stand proof against those eyes. Eh, my brave fellow? and you are over head and ears in love already."

Lord Carra turned to look at the person thus addressed ; and though regarding him as men generally do one another, was obliged to confess he had never seen a handsomer man.

He was above the middle size ; and as he was now mounted on his noble black charger, the whole figure and management of the rider were without fault. Manly, graceful, bearing not only the stamp of the finished gentleman, but the nobleness of the hero. The eye, in its colour and expression, was dazzling ; its glance, once met, its power, either in animation or softness, could never be forgotten. The mouth wore the same spell ; it expressed its feelings even with ten times more force than words, however sweetly, softly said, could ever have done. The form of the face and its colouring needed no line, no shading, to render it more perfect. The brow was high and bold, shaded by hair of glossy profusion ; the nose was perhaps faulty ; it was neither Grecian nor Roman, and in any other face might have been con-

sidered defective ; it was rather *retroussé*. Still the whole face could not be looked on and not excite the remark of, “ How splendidly handsome.”

Evening came, and saw this same party assembled in the ball-room of the Tuam hotel. Many gay and merry hearts were there ; but it was not a scene very *recherché* in its elegance, though, perhaps, much so in its originality. It was Irish in its life, its buoyancy, and, alas ! in its defects ; it was Irish in its low roof, its unmentionable sources of illumination, its white-washed walls, and in its orchestra, consisting of a various medley of tuneless instruments, led by a female fiddler of no small dimensions, apparently undergoing the rise and fall which one might seek in the active movement of an air cushion. On one side might be seen, through partial breaks in the wood-work of a low door, the stone steps, which led into nothing more odoriferous than a stable-yard. Yet bright eyes, that looked love to eyes that spoke love

again, and Irish loveliness, whose galaxy no nation can more proudly display, so rich in matchless light, were there; and Irish hearts, and heads, and wits, which no price can buy, no clime can rival, however refinement may paint the outward seeming—all were there that night; and who asked you to add one enjoyment, one pleasure more? To Amy, all was as strange as new. Dancing she loved with national fondness, and therefore soon, notwithstanding some slight timidity at first, she entered heart and soul into the amusement.

But for Amy Byrne there was a deeper, dearer pleasure to arise than is often to be found in the vortex of a ball-room. The “ugliest fellow in the world” had managed to secure her for a partner, and after the dance, requested leave to introduce his friend, our hero of the black charger.

“You must allow me,” said Captain Smith, “to introduce my friend; see, yonder he is, leaning against that wall which has of late, I

presume, been taking "the benefit of the act:" he will be tolerably well whitewashed I fancy. For the sake of the jacket, if not for the handsome wearer, allow me to draw him from that corner, and introduce him to you."

Amy bent her eyes in the direction; she started, and her fair cheek flushed.

"I may, then?" said Captain Smith, looking at the sudden change; "I am gone."

And Amy stood trembling—doubting, as she repeated to herself, "It must, it must be."

Captain Smith came up with his friend on his arm:—"Miss Byrne—Mr. Regan."

A moment they looked into each other's faces, and then their voices found words—"Amy Byrne!—Charles Regan!"

Those names, so spoken, were more than pages of eloquence. The tide of years had rolled back, and each heart lay open: what was written there has yet to be shewn. But we may say, that no enchanted castle, in all its magic adornment, ever looked more dazzling

than did the humble ball-room of the Tuam hotel to Amy and to Charles.

It might seem strange that Charles Regan had not, at the first moment he recognised Amy, spoken to her. But inasmuch as he felt the character of his father, so did his pride keep him back from seeking the notice of even those he loved. So keenly did he feel his father's errors, that they seemed to reflect upon himself. Since the period the Belcarrises had been at Rostrevor, poor Mary Regan had breathed her last in the arms of her dutiful son. At her death, Charles Regan had, through the interest of his friend and tutor, Mr. Burke, obtained a commission; and as his father found no temptations strong enough to lure him to follow his lawless pursuits, he gave his consent to his entering the army.

From the first glimpse he had had of Amy Byrne, he felt convinced she was the loved play-fellow of his childhood; her from whom, when suffering under the pressure of his

earliest sorrows, he had sought repose, and found it in her sweet gentleness. He felt she ought to know him as instinctively as he knew her; yet, though wounded and grieved, he could not but confess to himself how instantaneously the boyish attachments—as it were in a moment's contemplation of her more refined loveliness—had sprung into a warmer and more decided character of affection; 'twas as the bud which, under the sunbeams of a few hours, opens into the full-blossomed flower. He had stood for some time contemplating her, as she had been talking to his friend, with a joy, a pleasure, he durst not confess to himself; for now how different their relative situation to that in which they stood the last time they had met. He was a soldier of fortune, without a home, and with a name he blushed to own from whom derived; and Amy, the favoured child of fortune — courted, admired, sought. We may talk of statuary, but no chiselled form ever rivalled hers; it was not the creation,

of a borrowed combination of many forms, but an original in nature's most chaste, most complete style. She was not tall; she was not slight; yet was there a fulness that gave beauty to every proportion. Her hair, of the very sunniest brown, fell in picturesque loveliness around the small oval face that shewed not a tint but of the lily, save in the ruddy small mouth. Then the hazel eye, and the long curling lash, and the pencilled brow. You looked at Amy Byrne, and everything of purity, of chasteness, was imaged in your mind. To-night she wore a tight, black, velvet bodice, with thin flowing sleeves, fastened at the wrist by massive bracelets; the petticoat was of the same light texture, and a girdle of pearls fell in long tassels from the pointed stomacher. Charles Regan, in one moment, saw he was not forgotten; and intoxicated, delighted, cold calculation took wing, and found no resting-place. The week flew by as if it had been but a day. Mrs. Belcarris had been informed, by a letter

from Amy, of her meeting with Charles. An invitation followed its receipt, to beg he would come to Belcarris.

Regan accepted a proffered seat in the carriage of Lady Carra. It was a lovely evening when they entered the domain of Mr. Belcarris; everything wore an aspect of beauty but still of sadness. What a distressing thing, thought Charles Regan, that the rightful inheritor perhaps may never hold place here, as his eye stretched over its park and rich woods. Wandering over lands highly cultivated, the view was checked in the distance by the lofty chain of the Connemara Mountains, and then the eye rested on the bright blue waters of Loch Corib and Loch Mask, which were sleeping beneath the evening sunbeams. In the opposite distance rose the lofty peak of Crow Patrick, wrapped, though not veiled, in dewy mist. They crossed the bridge which was close to the house. In an instant more Amy and Charles Regan were pressed to the affectionate hearts of Mr. and

Mrs. Belcarris. Alley, too, managed to obtain her moment of devoted greeting, while something like cheerfulness lighted up the pale countenance of Mrs. Belcarris.

Time wore on, and Amy became the affianced bride of Charles Regan. With open honour and candour he had told his tale to Mr. Belcarris, and he did not reject his suit.

“ You and Amy shall be provided for ; if not with riches, with competency. You know our tale,” and the father’s lip quivered ; “ but I have full power over some of the property, which shall be settled on you and our adopted Amy.”

“ But,” replied Regan, “ it may wrong one who yet, dear Mr. Belcarris, may come to claim his heritage.”

“ Never ! Mention it not ;” and Regan saw every fibre quiver. “ No more,” said Mr. Belcarris. Regan was silent.

One day more, and Charles was to go to Dublin to endeavour to see his father on the subject of his marriage, as he learnt he was to be there

about that time. Amy and he had gone up to what she called her temple—a building of circular construction, raised on a lofty eminence to give a more commanding view of the lake and mountain landscape that broke through the opening vistas of the trees in which it lay embosomed. It was fitted up with Amy's own sweet feminine taste.

“ 'Tis very delicious, loved Amy, to feel this world holds such a treasure as thyself; am I not blessed, my own?—and yet, I must go from you.”

“ But only to return to more certain happiness, dearest Charles.”

“ To return!—and must I go from you, Amy? I tremble to lose sight of you for one moment; think, then, the trial of days.”

“ You do not fear anything?” and those expressive eyes looked into her lover's with something of pained fondness; “ say not, Charles, you fear aught; *I* love you so dearly I could not have a fear. No! no! Charles; one week,

and then again Amy will be thus by your side ; do not throw sadness round your own Amy."

"Sadness round you !" And how that fond lover gazed upon her he loved ; it was an adoration words could not utter.

The morning came, and Charles Regan commenced his journey. The last kiss had been pledged, and in tearful trembling the blushing girl hid her face, when she might no more watch her lover's lingering form.

He was to write immediately on his arrival : a letter came—was answered ; but, three days—four—and no further tidings. How the world was changed to Amy. Alley sought to give comfort. As the agonized girl stood watching Mr. Belcarris open the letter-bag on the fifth morning, her eye caught sight of the well-known writing. "'Tis his !" Mr. Belcarris tore it open. Amy's eye rested on its characters ; it told of danger, of sickness ; while the trembling hand which had penned the information was but too visible, and gave rise to still more fearful doubts.

What was to be done? "Oh! let us ——," and then the timid girl drew back, "let us ——"

"What would you say, sweet Amy?" said Mr. Belcarris, kissing the tears from her eyes. She hesitated.

"Why, but one thing there is to be after doing," said Alley, who had entered with the bag, to hear the tidings of Charles—"let not the sun rise on the sick chamber before we are beside the boy to watch and tend the dear cratur."

"True, Alley, we will not lose a moment." And in an hour the Belcarrises were on the road to Dublin. They travelled all night, and the morning's dawn saw Alley beside the sick bed of Charles Regan, in his father's house, in Frederick Street. It was typhus fever,—and little hope could be given that he would ever rise to be the happy bridegroom of the lovely Amy Byrne. But where was his father? No one knew. The sole inhabitant of the house was an old decrepid woman; she said, her master was to have been in Dublin four days back. Per-

chance he was lost at sea, she told Alley; for there had been accounts of storms; and she gave Alley reason to believe he had more to do with a seafaring life than was either honest or just.

We will now, for a brief space, take a view of the habits of William Regan, as he denominated himself—a man of high connexions, but of neither education nor fortune,—from one degradation to another he had fallen. Intoxication, cruelty to the gentlest of human beings—his wife, stained his domestic character; and, joining a strong and lawless band of smugglers, he gave the final blow to all future hope of redeeming the station to which he was born: but in crime and misery, his career appeared about to close. His secret haunts of lawless depredation were discovered; he, however, contrived to escape, but not before he was severely wounded. Whither he had fled, or where he had concealed himself, no one could discover. And while Charles Regan was lying in a hopeless state, his parent was a wandering outcast. No tidings

came of him. Two weeks passed over, and some hope was entertained of Charles's recovery—he was even allowed to see Amy and Mrs. Belcarris. At last he was pronounced out of danger, and all felt what it was to know something like joy again.

One day Alley had gone to a small room in the upper part of the house; she wanted an easy chair, which the old woman told her she thought was up in what she called the lumber-room. Alley opened the casement, and commenced examining the various articles which were strewed about;—old books, guns, swords, and boxes. One of the latter she opened.

Did she see aright? Was she in a delusion? She took the contents up; she felt ready to faint. More light; she could scarcely refrain from screaming with excited feeling when she did find it no delusion. “O God!” said Alley, “direct me aright.” She fell on her knees; tears coursed themselves down her cheeks. “I am sick, so sick.” She rose and leaned for support; endea-

voured to collect her thoughts, but still held the contents of the box in her hand. "Joy is sometimes death," said Alley. She heard a step on the stairs; instinctively she hid the treasure in the box, and then coolly turned to meet the old woman of the house, as she stood on the landing, calling her to come down to Miss Byrne. She cast a furtive glance at her, and saw she had no suspicion of her discovery. Putting the key of the door into her own pocket, she hastened to descend, as well as her shaking frame would permit.

Amy Byrne was in the little parlour; she started when she looked at Alley, for her lips, her cheeks, were livid; while round her mouth and eyes was visible a deadly hue, almost purple. Alley locked the door. "Call not, speak not, in the name of the great God—I cannot stand." She fell senseless on the floor. Fortunately there was some water in the room. Amy gave her some; presently she revived, and looked inquiringly around.

with the initials C. B., written by a mother's hand ; the shoes, the girdle, all—and then, at the bottom of the chest, was the *red umbrella*—so remarkable—so unlike any other. Seventeen years had passed over the things that lay before him ; but what treasures like them.

“ The mark, Alley, on the shoulder of my boy !”

“ Whist ! do you think I would be after de-caiving you ; has not himself told me it is there ? and now of my dear mistress,—what is to be done ?”

That, indeed, was a painful thought ; how break such tidings to her ? But the kind, affectionate husband paused not ; and ere the sun which in the morning had been witness to his joys had sunk into the west, the mother participated in his delight. At first incredulous, then insensible for hours, Mrs. Belcarris seemed overwhelmed, stunned, with such news ; at last she roused herself ; she walked, she talked, like one intoxicated with tidings of

things undefinable. Something she felt had been told her; but how dared she assure herself it was not a dream! Could the sufferings of seventeen years be thus swept away, thus obliterated for ever, in one moment? and, pale and tottering, she paced her room.

“ When shall I see him, my own dear boy ?” Then would she smile, and recal him to remembrance, not as Charles Regan, but as the golden-haired infant that played on her knee; that left her, seventeen years ago, attired in his little velvet coat and cap. Yes; there he was, fondling on her neck, kissing her, smiling like a cherub in her face; and *he lives!*—how the hot blood rushed to the mother’s cheek! She almost laughed for very joy.

A few hours more, and mother and son were clasped in each other’s arms. Our affections! Why do we not thank our God more fervently for them? Why do we not cherish, nourish them? Here was a picture of blessedness springing from them. To see Ellen and George Belcarris;

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to see the father, mother, and then the son! Surely Heaven itself has no purer, dearer knowledge than such affections! There was burning a bright and transporting flame within the hearts of the group which sat in that same drawing-room window where we first saw Mrs. Belcarris and her child. Carroll placed between his parents; Amy was at Carroll's feet, looking on each with eyes swimming with tears of gladness, of happiness. And Alley—

“Whist! but you'll let me crouch forenint you, if but for a moment like?”

“Yes, Alley; sit you down yonder, and you shall tell us how the bride ought to be attired.”

“Take the dress from some of your own sweet little fairies,” said Carroll Belcarris.

“Ah! then, it's that same Miss Amy, God bless her, to my seeming, is just made for that sort of dress, all stars, and shining and silver wings like; for she is entirely too beautiful and fair to be resembling anything below the blue

clouds of heaven, except, indeed, Master Carroll,—your own dear heart will be, for all the world, like a heaven for her to live in ; so, to my thinking, you will be able to persuade her to stay with you after all, only barring that she is more like the *good people* than we sinners of the earth.”

“ Well, dear Alley, I am happy you have found a reason why I am not to go to live amongst the fairies; at any rate, for some time to come.”

“ And a good and a joyful reason, is it not, darlint, that same ?”

“ None to compare with it, is there, sweet Amy ?” asked Carroll, looking down at the blushing girl.

“ None, indeed, Carroll.”

We must now turn to William Regan, as he called himself. As yet, the vile, wicked man had escaped all the means employed for his apprehension ; but on the discovery of the

Belcarris's affair, of course even more minute and persevering search was made. His history and habits were also closely inquired into. His name was not William Regan, but William Gordon, reported to have been abroad for years, and next heir to the Belcarris property. Having become connected with the lowest grades of society, ruined and disgraced, he here returned to Ireland. Hearing that Mr. Belcarris had but one son, and that his wife was supposed to be in a deep decline, he was wicked enough to make a desperate effort for the property, even at a cost almost too dreadful for the human heart to conceive in its cruellest moments. An opportunity soon offered: he had watched for it some days; he seized the boy, and conveyed him to his house in Frederick Street; told him, when he called and wept for his mamma and Alley, that they were gone to the country, and he would take him to them. He changed the child's dress in the very room in which it was discovered by Alley; not even the woman who

took care of the house knew of the child's entrance or departure. The same evening Gordon set off to a distant part of Ireland. Even William Gordon's heart softened towards that fine handsome boy; and perhaps what tended to do so was, that at this time he became acquainted with Mary Brown. He married the gentle being, and then broke her heart by his barbarity. They settled finally at Rostrevor. Mr. Burke, the clergyman of the parish, took a great interest in young Charles Regan, as he was then called, loved him, and educated him as his own son.

Gordon's career was now drawing to a close, and a frightful close it was likely to be. For days had he wandered, a houseless and starving outcast, amidst the wild and desolate mountains in the neighbourhood of Carlingford; his clothes rent, his person loathsome. When one day, driven to extremity, he entered a cottage to beg some food. He obtained it, but not before one of the inmates had marked and recognised him,

even through all his penury. They tracked his path, and that night he was taken. The officers of justice pounced on their prey at a moment least expected. The night was black with storms, and though the moon rode high in heaven, still she only partially revealed herself, as if, in hiding again amidst her shrouds, she mocked the life her light for a moment poured upon the drenched and darkened earth. A strong body of police assembled, towards midnight, in the very cottage Gordon had sought in the day. Setting out from thence, they were guided by its owner through the intricate windings of the mountain passes. Amidst the thunder and fury of the storm on they pushed, till they came to a narrow gully, between two barren rocky heights that rose like walls on either side. Here they dismounted, and advancing some paces, arrived nearly level with the ocean, that now foamed under the lashing tempest. They stepped on as if a summer's lull had hushed the elements; though a voice of giant strength might

have spoken, and been but as a whisper there. Suddenly turning the angle of a bold headland, they ascended the cliffs that girded the sandy beach below, and stopped opposite a cave, whose mouth was scarcely wide enough to admit one at a time. They peered in, and there, in the strong light of blazing embers, was to be seen Gordon. Two other figures were there, lying down near the fire. On a rough stone near Gordon were a brown cup and a brace of pistols. The glare fell strongly on his countenance, and there vice had engraven her deadliest character; the mere outline of head and face was, perhaps, almost handsome; but fiendish passion had marred the diviner impress with most abhorrent features. He looked, indeed, as now he sat amidst the wildest elements at play about him, as a denizen of the place of the accursed one. Even Salvatore's imagination never reached a deeper image than that dark man in this his gloomy den of refuge.

He turned, and saw his citadel was besieged ; he seized the pistols ; he fired, and struck the first.

“ Up, boy, up,” he cried to his sleeping son ; “ life or death ; back, Alleen, crouch yonder in shelter.”

But the fair girl seized a dirk that had lain on the floor, and there she stood, an Amazon beside her father ; that father, as each opponent advanced, grappled with him, and two lay corpses at his feet ; but in the struggle his daughter was wounded ; he relaxed a moment to shield her—fatal pause ; four of the strongest rushed in, and Gordon was a prisoner.

A brief time, and he stood face to face with those he had so cruelly wronged. The court was crowded. Defence he had none to make. He who defied every law of God and man confessed to the charge of robbing the parents of their child. He was condemned.

Yet, even in a heart steeped in crime, there was one spot which human feelings found place to shelter in.

He sent to Carroll Belcarris to ask for an interview. It was granted. Carroll, whilst he shuddered, pitied the abject, changed man that lay in his prison cell, chained in ignominy.

“At your hands,” said Gordon, “I little deserve the boon I am about to ask; but remember Mary, the gentle Mary Regan; *she* who nursed and cherished your childhood. Her children—two of her children—live; they will, ere to-morrow’s sun goes down, be fatherless, as they are now motherless.”

“Enough, enough; I pledge my faith to take care of them, and I trust I do so to a penitent man.”

“That is my own look out,” he replied, with a deep frown, and then added, “but I thank thee heartily. My girl, my boy, to them thou wilt be a brother. Leave me now to the death I deserve. Farewell—for ever!”

The criminal bent his head low; a tear surely was in that sunken eye. Carroll pressed the

manacled hand, and then rushed from the condemned cell.

The bridal day shone out in gladness that saw Mr. Burke unite Amy Byrne and Carroll Belcarris; Amy, the blest bride of him who was once, The Lost Boy.

Alley, even Alley, on that day kissed Alleen and George Gordon, and said she would forgive and nourish them. Her rejoicing heart enveloped heaven and earth with sunshine; she loved whatever she looked upon.

Carroll and Amy Belcarris lived long beneath their parents' roof, amidst a devoted and attached tenantry, blessed in themselves, and diffusing happiness around them.

APPENDIX

TO

WILD WILL OF THE HILLS.

It is now more than half a century since an expedition of discovery, under the command of that intelligent and enterprising navigator Captain Cook, sailed from this country: the main purposes of that expedition were, to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which was to happen in 1769, and to look for a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean.

In this important voyage of discovery, Captain Cook, an officer of undoubted ability, and well versed in astronomy and the theory and practice of navigation, was accompanied by literary and scientific men: the Royal Society sent out Mr. Charles Green, who had been long assistant to Dr. Bradley, the astronomer royal, to aid the commander in the observation of the transit. Mr. Banks—afterwards the distinguished president of the Royal Society—and Dr. Solander, a Swedish gentleman of great attainments, particularly in natural history, were also of the expedition.

Captain Wallis, who happened to return from a voyage of discovery in the South Seas while this expedition was fitting out, strongly recommended as a place most proper for the *observation*, Port Royal Harbour, or an island he had discovered, to which he had given the name of King

George's Island, and which has since been known by the name of *Otaheite*, or *Taheite*. This beautiful island was visited at different times by Captain Cook, and the importance he attached to its discovery may be gathered from his own words :—

“We could not but be struck with the singularity of this scene,” (speaking of the anchoring of the vessels, the appearance of the natives, &c.,) “and perhaps there were few on board who now lamented in our having failed in our endeavours to find a north-west passage homeward last summer. To this disappointment we owed our having it in our power to revisit the Sandwich Islands, and to enrich our voyage with a discovery which, though last, seemed in many respects to be the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans, throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean.” These are the last words related in the journal of that great man. A melancholy event occurred shortly afterwards in that very island which arrested his career of discovery, and terminated his existence.

On the return of the survivors, a detailed account of the island and its inhabitants, which was given to the world, excited the greatest degree of interest, not only in England, but throughout the whole of Europe.

The description which Captain Cook's voyagers gave of the almost primitive simplicity, the natural vivacity, and fascinating manners, of a people who had existed for ages isolated and unknown to the rest of the world, were so entirely new, and the accounts given of the rich and spontaneous gifts which nature lavished on this distant “paradise,” the mildness and salubrity of the climate, the spontaneous abundance of delicious fruits, the varied and delightful scenery of the island, were so enchanting, that many individuals were led to imagine, that it was a place

where the inhabitants, free from toil, care, and disappointment, spent their lives in unrestrained enjoyment. This lovely island is most intimately connected with the mutiny of his majesty's ship the *Bounty*, on the main circumstances of which the tale of "Wild Will of the Hills" is founded; its many seducing temptations have been urged as one, if not the main cause of that sad event, and no doubt they had much to do with it. Men long estranged from their native home, sailing under the command of a rigid task-master, must have viewed such reflections with no small delight, must have envied the happiness of their distant dwellers in the broad Pacific, and sighed for their liberty and independence.

The persons, too, of the natives of Otaheite were most attractive, the men in general tall, strong, well limbed, and finely shaped, equal in size to the largest of Europeans; the women above the middle height, their complexion that which we call a "brunette," the skin most delicately soft and smooth, the shape of the face comely in the extreme, the cheek bones not high, the eyes not hollow, the brow not prominent, the nose a little, but not much, flattened; but the eyes, and more particularly those of the women, full of expression, sometimes sparkling with fire, and sometimes melting with softness; their teeth, almost without exception, beautifully white, and their breath perfectly without taint. In their motions, at once a vigour as well as ease; their walk graceful, their deportment liberal, and their behaviour to strangers and to each other affable and courteous. In their dispositions they were brave, open, and candid, without suspicion, cruelty, treachery, or revenge. Mr. Banks had such confidence in them as to sleep frequently in their houses, in the woods, without a companion, and consequently, wholly in their power.

The natives of Taheite, to add to their other allurements, were delicate and cleanly almost without example : the men and women washed their whole bodies in running water three times a day, once as soon as they rose in the morning, once at noon, and again before they slept at night, whether the river or sea was near them or at a distance ; they washed, not only the mouth, but the hands at their meals, almost between every morsel ; and their clothes as well as their persons were kept without spot or stain.

This description of the natives of this " sunny isle " is fully borne out by the missionaries who were sent out to the South Sea Islands by the London Missionary Society, in the year 1796-97 ; they describe them as somewhat darker than an European " brunette," their eyes black and sparkling ; their teeth white and even ; their skin soft and delicate ; their limbs finely turned ; their hair jetty, perfumed, and ornamented with flowers They possessed eminent feminine graces : their faces were never darkened with a scowl, or covered with a cloud of sullenness or suspicion ; their manners were affable and engaging ; their step easy, firm, and graceful ; their behaviour free and unguarded, always boundless in generosity to each other and to strangers ; their tempers mild, gentle, and unaffected, slow to take offence, easily pacified, and seldom retaining resentment or revenge, whatever provocation they may have received ; their arms and hands most delicately formed.

As wives in private life, they were represented as affectionate, tender, and obedient ; and uncommonly fond of their children.

The Taheiteans have no partitions in their houses ; but it may be affirmed, they have in many instances more refined ideas of decency than Europeans ; and one long

resident among them, scruples not to declare, that he never saw any appetite, hunger and thirst excepted, gratified in public.

If the physical character of these islanders is of so high a standard, their intellectual capacities are equally remarkable. In a work* lately published, and which has obtained, deservedly, a most extensive circulation, the following evidence is borne to their natural wit, talents, and ingenuity:—"If wit, ingenuity, quickness of perception, a tenaciousness of memory, a thirst for knowledge when its value is perceived, a clear discernment and high appreciation of the useful, readiness in acquiring new and valuable arts, great precision and force in the expression of their thoughts, and occasional bursts of eloquence of a high order, be evidence of intellect, I hesitate not to affirm that in these the South Sea islander does not rank below the European; and that many of them would, if they possessed equal advantages, rise to the same eminence as the literary and scientific men of our own land. An illustration or two of their mental capacity may not be inappropriate.

"The following incident will furnish an example of their *wit* and *humour*:—A few years ago, a venerable and esteemed brother missionary came to England, and being rather bald, some kind friends provided him with a wig. Upon his return to the islands, the chiefs and others went on board to welcome him; and after the usual salutation, one of them said to the missionary—'You were bald when you left, and now you have a beautiful head of hair; what amazing people the English are! how did they make

* A Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands, by John Williams, of the London Missionary Society.

your hair grow again?' 'You simple people,' replied the missionary, 'how does everything grow? is it not by sowing seed?' They immediately shouted, 'Oh, these English people! they sow seed upon a bald man's head to make his hair grow!' One shrewd fellow inquired if he had brought any of the seed with him? The missionary for a time carried on the joke, and then raised his wig. The revelation of his original head drew forth roars of laughter, which was greatly increased, when one of the natives shouted to some of his countrymen who were near, 'Here! see Mr. —! he has come from England with his head thatched—he has come from England with his head thatched!'

"Their *proverbs* and *similes*, generally drawn from familiar objects, are often very striking and appropriate. Several of these have been furnished by me in another part of this work; but one or two others may be added. There is a fish, common in the tropics, called the *aumèa*, which is remarkable for its large mouth and open gills. By the natives it is believed that the food seized by the former often passes out at the latter; and in allusion to this, a chief, when delivering an important commission, would say to the bearer, 'Do not imitate the *aumèa*;' and when exhorting each other to a cordial and profitable reception of religious truth, they would frequently remark, 'Do not let our reception of the word of life resemble the eating of the *aumèa*, but let it sink into the heart.' For several hours before a storm, a hollow roar upon the reef is the unerring indication of its approach; and as soon as this is heard, the sea urchin, or echinus, prepares for the tempest, by crawling to a place of security, and fixing itself so firmly to the rock that the bursting billows cannot detach it. The natives, observing this, have a proverb, which, rendered literally, is, 'The roaring of the

sea, and the listening of the echini;’ but in signification is similar to that of Solomon, ‘The proudest man feareth the evil, and hideth himself.’ A current expression in reference to any boast, display, or bluster, is, *E upaupu tumu ore ia*—‘that is a splendid thing without foundation,’ alluding to the parasitical plants which abound in the islands.

“Of their *good sense*, I will give the following specimen : I was one day standing by Tamatoa, when the fishing canoes returned with a quantity of salmon. These were deposited in his presence ; and one of the domestics, by his master’s orders, began to set apart a number for the various chiefs, according to the usual custom. While he was doing this, a petty chief took a large fish from the pile, on seeing which, the servant immediately seized it, and muttered something in a very growling sort of voice. Tamatoa noticed this, and asked the man why he did so. ‘That fellow,’ he replied, ‘refused to give me some bread fruit the other day, and now he comes to take our fish.’ The king then ordered him to select two of the finest salmon and give them cheerfully to the chief. The man grumbled, and very reluctantly obeyed the order. Shortly afterwards, Tamatoa again called his servant, and said, ‘You foolish fellow, do you not perceive, that, by this act, the unkindness of that man will be reprov’d, and that he will be ashamed to refuse you anything the next time you go?’ I immediately turned to the king and said, ‘Why, you are as wise as Solomon ; for he says, “If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat ; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink ; for thus thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head !”’ ‘True,’ he replied ‘that is the way to conquer people.’

“In *eloquence* they excel. I have not only seen all the passions of the human mind called into exercise, but have

myself been so wrought upon by their addresses as to forget where I was, and in what I have been engaged."

Such are the testimonies borne to the physical character, appearance, and intellectual faculties of these interesting people, by men of different pursuits, and different characters; by the intrepid navigator, as well as by the self-denying missionary; by him who, in the pursuit of science and discovery, braves the dangers of unknown seas, as well as by him who, for the noble purpose of turning the heathen "from idols to serve the living God," leaves the comfort of his native land.

Descended from the females of such a stock, are the interesting offspring which are now peopling Pitcairn's Island.

The natural productions of Taheite are various and abundant, amply supplying its inhabitants with food and raiment. The food of the natives is chiefly vegetable, and consists of various preparations of the bread-fruit, of cocoa-nuts, bananas, plantains, and a great variety of other fruit, the spontaneous growth of a rich soil and a genial climate. "These people, indeed," remarks Captain Cook, "seem to be exempted from the first general curse, that 'man should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow.'" For clothing they have the bark of three different trees—the paper mulberry, the bread-fruit tree, and a tree which resembles the wild fig-tree of the West Indies; of these the mulberry only requires to be cultivated. In the preparation of the cloth, they display a very considerable degree of ingenuity, and dye it with vegetable dyes of the most brilliant and beautiful colours. Their matting is exceedingly beautiful; their basket and wicker work most ingeniously made; their clubs admirable specimens of wood carving.

A people so lively, and sprightly, and good-humoured, as the Taheiteans are, must necessarily have their amusements.

They are passionately fond of music, of dancing, wrestling, shooting with the bow, and throwing the lance.

With regard to their worship, Captain Cook does the Taheiteans but justice in saying, "They reproach many who bear the name of Christians. You see no instances of a Taheitean drawing near the *Eatooa* with carelessness and inattention; he is all devotion; he approaches the place of worship with reverential awe, conscious when he treads on sacred ground; and prays with a fervour that would do honour to a better profession. He firmly credits the traditions of his ancestors. None dare dispute the existence of a Deity."

In the year 1787, being seventeen years after Cook's return from his first voyage, a representation was laid before his majesty, that the introduction of the bread-fruit tree into our West Indian colonies would be of very essential benefit to the inhabitants.

The bread tree, which, without the plough-share, yields
The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast—
A priceless market for the gathering guest,—

was no new discovery of either Wallis or Cook. So early as the year 1688, that excellent old navigator, Dampier, thus describes it:—"The bread-fruit, as we call it, grows on a large tree, as big and as high as our largest apple-trees; it hath a spreading head, full of branches and dark leaves. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples; it is as big as a penny loaf, when wheat is at five shillings the bushel; it is of a round shape, and hath a thick rind; when the fruit is ripe it is yellow and soft, and the taste is sweet and pleasant; there is neither seed nor stone in the inside, but all is of a pure substance, like bread.

To the request of the merchants and planters, his majesty was pleased to pay immediate attention. A vessel was accordingly purchased and fitted out at Deptford with the necessary means of transporting the plants, under the able management of Sir Joseph Banks. He named the ship, *The Bounty*, and recommended Lieutenant Bligh, who had been with Captain Cook, to command her. Her burden was about two hundred and fifteen tons, and her establishment consisted of one lieutenant, who was commanding officer, and a crew, including officers, of forty-four men; to which were added two skilful and careful men, recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, to have the management of the plants, &c.

On the 23rd of December, 1787, the ill-fated *Bounty* sailed from Spithead; and on the 26th it blew a severe storm of wind from the eastward, which continued to the 29th, in the course of which the ship suffered greatly; and by the sea stoving in the stern and filling the cabin with water, a large quantity of bread was damaged and rendered useless.

This made it desirable to touch at Teneriffe to put the ship to rights, where they arrived on the 5th of January, 1788, and having refitted and refreshed, they sailed again on the 10th.

"I now," says Bligh, "divided the people into three watches, and gave the charge of the third watch to Mr. Fletcher Christian, one of the mates."

Wishing to proceed to Otaheite without stopping once, the late storm having diminished their supply of provisions, it was deemed expedient to put all hands on allowance of two-thirds of bread. The ship's company were then acquainted with the object of the voyage, and assurances were given of the certainty of promotion to every one whose endeavours should merit it. About this time, Christian, who had before been desired to take charge of

the third watch, had a written order given him by Bligh to act as lieutenant.

After encountering tremendous weather off Cape Horn—storms of wind with hail and sleet, which made it necessary to keep a constant fire day and night, and one of the watch to be always in attendance to dry the men's clothes—and finding they were losing ground every day, it was determined to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope. The helm was accordingly put a-weather, to the great joy of every person on board.

They arrived at the Cape on the 23rd May, and having remained there thirty-eight days to refit the ship, replenish provisions, and refresh the crew, they set sail again on the 1st of July, and anchored in Adventurer's Bay, in Van Dieman's Land, on the 20th August. Here they remained for a few days, taking in wood and water, when they set sail for Otaheite, where they arrived on the 20th October.

Here they met with every kindness and attention from the natives, who were most particular in their inquiries after Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and others of their former friends; and having fulfilled the objects of their voyage—having shipped a large number of bread-fruit plants, besides other specimens of rare and curious exotics—the *Bounty* made sail, bidding farewell to Otaheite, when Bligh observes, "for twenty-three weeks we had been treated with the utmost affection and regard, and which seemed to increase in proportion to our stay."

Having left Otaheite, the ship was proceeding to her destination, with everything in the most perfect order—the plants flourishing, men and officers in good health, in short, everything to flatter and ensure the most sanguine expectations of the commander of the expedition—when an event occurred, (brought about, it is much to be feared,

by the captain's tyrannous, mean, and suspicious conduct,) which put an end to the expedition, and has rendered the eventful history of the voyage of the *Bounty* replete with interest and instruction.

"Just before sun rising, on Tuesday, the 28th of April, while I was yet asleep," says Captain Bligh, "Mr. Christian, officer; Charles Churchill, ship's corporal; John Mills, gunner's mate; and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise;" he then, in his dispatch, proceeds to relate the whole circumstances of the mutineers' conduct. How Christian threatened him with instant death if he did not hold his tongue; how the others stood round him, with their pieces cocked, and bayonets fixed; and finally, how they forced him and eighteen more overboard into the launch, with a small quantity of rum, wine, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water, and a few pieces of pork. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept for some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, they were at length cast adrift on the open ocean.

The extraordinary escape of these unhappy men is of the most wonderful nature; with this scanty stock of provisions, in a small open boat, brought down so near to the water's edge as to endanger her sinking with a moderate swell of the sea, did Captain Bligh and his eighteen companions perform a dangerous voyage of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; twelve survived the difficulties and dangers of this unparalleled achievement, and at length revisited their native land.

The mutineers, with Christian as their leader, having seized on the *Bounty*, sailed for the sunny isle of Otaheite. "Huzza for Otaheite!" was frequently heard among them;

even Bligh allows the attractions the inhabitants of this island must have held out to the mutineers. "The women," says he, "are handsome, mild, and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them devoid of connexion, should be led away, especially when, in addition to meet powerful allurements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty on one of the finest islands in the world.

After making a short stay at another island in the Pacific, the ill-fated *Bounty* anchored in Matavai Bay, on the 22nd of September; fourteen of her crew landed and remained on the island, where they were treated by the kind and friendly natives with a generosity and humanity almost unparalleled, and such as could hardly have been expected from civilized people, until the *Pandora*, which was dispatched from England to bring to condign punishment the perpetrators of so foul a deed, arrived. Christian and eight others went away with the ship, no one knew whither for many years after.

Twenty years had elapsed since the eventful mutiny of the *Bounty*, and Christian and his associates that he had carried off with him in that ship had long ceased to occupy a place in the public mind. It happened, however, after that lapse of time, that an accidental discovery, as interesting as it was wholly unexpected, revealed the history of those men.

An American trading vessel, on the 14th of May, 1809, approached a little island in the Pacific, called Pitcairn ; upon landing, the captain found there an Englishman of the name of Smith, the only one remaining of the nine that escaped in the *Bounty* from Taheite. Smith related that, after putting Bligh in the boat, Christian, the leader of the mutiny, took command of the ship, and went to Otaheite, when great part of the crew left her, except Christian, Smith, and seven others, who each took wives, and six Otaheitean men as servants, and shortly after they arrived at Pitcairn, when they ran the ship ashore and broke her up. About four years after their arrival, (a great jealousy existing,) the Otaheiteans secretly revolted, and killed every Englishman but himself. The same night the widows of the deceased Englishmen arose, and put to death the whole of the Otaheiteans, leaving Smith the only man alive on the island, with eight or nine woman, and several small children. The whole population amounted to thirty-five, who acknowledged Smith as father and commander of them all. They all spoke English, and had been educated by him (Smith) in a religious and moral way. This island was again visited, in 1814, by Sir Thomas Staines, in the *Briton*, who corroborates the testimony borne to their religious and moral character by Captain Jolger, in his letter to the Admiralty. Nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for nearly twelve years, when Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, bound on a voyage of discovery, paid a visit to Pitcairn's Island. A whalefishing ship, however, had touched there in the intermediate time, and left on the island a person of the name of John Buffet. In this man, the little community found an able and a willing schoolmaster. He had belonged to the whaler which visited the island, and was so infatuated with the behaviour of the people, that he re-

solved to remain among them. Captain Beechey describes the people in the most glowing colours,—their simplicity of manners, their just sense of honour, their moral and religious character, carry one back to the halcyon days of the church, when “all that believed were together, and had all things common; and they continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God.”

One circumstance connected with the fate of Christian is worthy of remark. It is generally supposed that he was killed by one of the natives; but about the years 1808 and 1809, a very general opinion was prevalent in the neighbourhood of the lakes of Cumberland, that Christian was in that part of the country, and made frequent private visits to an aunt who was living there. And in Fore Street, Plymouth Dock, about this period, Captain Heywood found himself one day walking behind a man whose shape had so much the appearance that he involuntarily quickened his pace: both were walking very fast, and the rapid steps behind him having roused the stranger's attention, he suddenly turned his face, looked at Heywood, and immediately ran off. The face resembled Christian's as much as the back. Heywood pursued him, but the stranger escaped.

NOTES

ON

WILD WILL OF THE HILLS.

Note (A.) p. 90. "The crew accused of purloining from the captain's private stock." If reference is made to a journal kept by Morrison, the boatswain's mate of the *Bounty*, who was tried and convicted as one of the mutineers, but afterwards obtained the king's pardon, it will appear that seeds of discord were sown in this unfortunate ship at a very early period of the voyage. It happened, as was the case in all small vessels, that the duties of commander and purser were united in the person of Lieutenant Bligh; and it would seem that this proved the cause of very serious discontent among the officers and the crew: of the mischief arising out of this union, the following may serve as a specimen:—At Teneriffe, Lieutenant Bligh ordered the cheese to be hoisted up and exposed to the air, which was no sooner done, than he pretended to miss a certain quantity, and declared that it had been *stolen*. Again, on approaching the equator, some decayed pumpkins, purchased at Teneriffe, were ordered to be issued to the crew, at the rate of one pound of pumpkin for two pounds of biscuit. The reluctance of the men to accept this proposed substitute on *such terms* being reported to Lieutenant Bligh, he flew upon deck in a violent rage, turned the hands up, and ordered the first man upon the list of each mess to be called by name; at the same time saying, "I'll see who will dare to refuse the pumpkin, or anything else I may order to be served out;"

to which he added, " You d——d infernal scoundrels, I'll make you eat grass, or anything you can catch, before I have done with you." But the sad catastrophe of the mutiny was, we may justly affirm, hastened, if not brought about, by the following circumstance :— In the afternoon of the 27th, Lieutenant Bligh came upon deck, and missing some of the cocoa-nuts, which had been piled up between the guns, said they had been stolen, and could not have been taken away without the knowledge of the officers, all of whom were sent for and questioned on the subject. On their declaring that they had not seen any of the people touch them, he exclaimed, " Then you must have taken them yourselves," &c. On coming to Mr. Christian, that gentleman answered, " I do not know, Sir, but I hope you do not think me so mean as to be guilty of stealing yours." Bligh replied, " Yes, you d——d hound, I do ; you must have stolen them from me, or you would be able to give a better account of them." Then turning to the other officers, he said, " God d—n you, you scoundrels, you are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me."—*Morrison's Journal*.

Note (B.) p. 99. " Island of Tofoa." Tofoa is one of the groupe called the " Friendly Islands : " to the southward of this island, the *Bounty* was passing on her homeward voyage, when Christian, pondering over his grievances, determined at least to escape from the possibility of their being increased. It was one of those beautiful nights which characterize the tropical regions, when the mildness of the air and the stillness of nature dispose the mind to reflection. Absence from England, and a long residence at Taheite, where new connexions were formed, weakened the recollections of his native country, and prepared his mind for the reception of ideas which the situation of the ship and the serenity of the moment particularly favoured. His plan, strange as it must appear

for a young officer to adopt, who was fairly advanced in an honourable profession, was, to set himself adrift upon a raft, and make his way to the island then in sight.—*Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.*

Note (C.) p. 105. "Dragging the captain from his bed." Just before sun-rising on Tuesday the 28th, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, officer of the watch; Charles Churchill, ship's corporal; John Mills, gunner's mate; and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I called, however, as loud as I could in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within. Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, and the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands.—*Bligh's Narrative.*

Note (D.) p. 106. "The captain calls upon them to fire." Among the different accusations made against Bligh for irritability of temper, tyranny of conduct towards his officers, and meanness of conduct, his character as a brave man and gallant seaman has remained unsullied.

Note (E.) p. 107. "Some refuse the launch," &c. About this time a dispute arose, whether the lieutenant and his party, whom the mutineers resolved to set adrift, should have the launch or the cutter; and it being decided in favour of the launch, Christian ordered her to be hoisted out. Martin, who, it may be remembered, was the first convert to Christian's plan, foreseeing that with the aid of so large a boat, the party would find their way to England, and that their information would, in all probability, lead to the detection of the offenders, relinquished

his first intention and exclaimed, "If you give him the launch, I will go with him; you may as well give him the ship."—*Beechey's Voyage*.

Note (F.) p. 108. "Remember, I am a husband and a father." When Mr. Bligh found he must go into the boat, he begged of Mr. Christian to desist, saying, "I'll pawn my honour, I'll give my bond, Mr. Christian, never to think of this, if you'll desist," and urged his wife and family; to which Mr. Christian replied, "No, Captain Bligh; if you had any honour, things had not come to this; and if you had any regard for your wife and family, you should have thought on them before, and not behaved so much like a villain."—*Morrison's Journal*.

Note (G.) p. 108. "I am in hell." The boatswain tried to pacify Mr. Christian, to whom he replied, "It is too late; I have been in hell for this fortnight past, and am determined to bear it no longer; and you know, Mr. Cole, that I have been used like a dog all the voyage."—*Morrison's Journal*.

Note (H.) p. 112. "Tobouai Island." The ship, having stood some time to the W. N. W., with a view to deceive the party in the launch, was afterwards put about, and her course directed as near to Otaheite as the wind would permit. In a few days, they found some difficulty in reaching that island, and bore away for Tobouai, a small island, about three hundred miles to the southward of it, where they agreed to establish themselves, provided the natives, who were numerous, were not hostile to their purpose. Of this they had very early intimation, an attack being made upon a boat which they sent to sound the harbour. She, however, effected her purpose, and the *Bounty*, next morning, was warped inside the reef that formed the port, and stationed close to the beach; an attempt to land was next made, but the natives disputed every foot of ground with spears, clubs, and stones, until

they were dispersed by a discharge of cannon and musketry. The determined hostility of the natives put an end to the mutineers' design of settling among them at that time ; and after two days' fruitless attempt at reconciliation, they left the island, and proceeded to Otaheite. —*Beechey's Voyage.*

Note (I.) p. 113. "Festival of the Hura." The Taupeti, or Orou (which is elsewhere called the Hura), was generally a season of public festivity, when thousands of both sexes, arrayed in their most splendid garments, assembled to witness the games. These festivals were usually connected with some religious ceremony, or cause of national rejoicing. The return of the king from a tour, or the arrival of a distinguished visitor, were among the most ordinary occasions of these games. Wrestling, boxing, the foot race, throwing the spear and javelin, were among the sports of the day, dancing also was introduced, in which the women were the chief performers. The dress worn by the women on these occasions was remarkably curious and not inelegant: their heads were decorated with fillets of *Januca*, or plaited human hair, and adorned with wreaths of the white sweet-scented teairi flower. The arms and neck were uncovered; the breasts ornamented with shells or carvings of curiously wrought network and feathers. The native cloth they wore was always white, sometimes edged with a scarlet border. Their movements were generally slow, but remarkably regular and exact.—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches.*

Note (K.) p. 114. "Ta-maie." The islanders appear to have paid at all times great attention, not only to cleanliness, but to personal ornaments. On public occasions, their appearance was in a high degree imposing. At their dances and other places of amusement or festivity, they wore a profusion of ornaments. The hair of the females was an object of great attention; it was ornamented with

elegant native flowers,—sometimes exhibited in great profusion and variety; at others, with only one or two single jessamine blossoms, or a small wreath interwoven with their black and shining ringlets. They displayed great taste in the use of flowers, and the adorning of their hair; though totally unacquainted with what we are accustomed to call artificial flowers, yet the brilliant and varied odoriferous plants that grew spontaneously among their mountains or their valleys did not suffice to gratify their wishes; they were therefore accustomed to manufacture a kind of artificial flowers, by extracting the petals and leaflets of the most fragrant plants and flowers, and fastening them with fine native thread to the wiry stalk of the cocoa-nut leaf, which they saturated with scented oil, and wore in each ear, or fixed in the native bonnet, made with the rich yellow cocoa-nut leaf.—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches*.

Note (L.) p. 120. “Twenty-seven leave Taheite,” &c. During the passage, Christian formed his intention of proceeding in the ship to some distant uninhabited island, for the purpose of permanently settling, as the most likely means of escaping the punishment which he well knew awaited him in the event of being discovered. On communicating this plan to his shipmates, he found only a few inclined to assent to it; but no objections were offered by those who disputed to his taking the ship; all they required was, an equal distribution of such provisions and stores as might be useful. Young, Brown, Mills, Williams, Quintal, McCoy, Martin, Adams, and six natives, determined to follow the fate of Christian. Remaining therefore only twenty-four hours at Otaheite, they took leave of their comrades; and having invited on board several of the women, with the feigned purpose of taking leave, the cables were cut, and they were carried off to sea.—*Beechey's Voyage*.

Note (M.) p. 120. "Pitcairn." The mutineers now bade adieu to all the world, save the few individuals associated with them in exile; but where that exile should be passed was yet undecided. The Marquesas Islands were first mentioned; but Christian, on reading Captain Cateret's account of Pitcairn Island, thought it better adapted to the purpose, and accordingly shaped a course thither. They reached it not many days afterwards, and Christian, with one of the seamen, landed in a little nook. They soon afterwards traversed the island sufficiently to be satisfied that it was exactly adapted to their wishes.—*Beechey's Voyage*.

Note (N.) p. 137. "We will arise," &c. Such are the words with which they daily entered their house of prayer, which proves the simplicity and sincerity of their religion.—*Voyage of the Blossom*.

Note (O.) p. 138. "Destroy the vessel." They brought the ship to an anchor in a small bay on the northern side of the island, which I have, in consequence, named "Bounty Bay," where everything that could be of utility was landed, and where it was agreed to destroy the ship, either by running her on shore or burning her. Christian, Adams, and the majority, were for the former expedient; but while they went to the forepart of the ship to execute this business, Matthew Quintal set fire to the carpenter's store-room. The vessel burnt to the water's edge, and then drifted upon the rocks, where the remainder of the wreck was burnt for fear of discovery. This occurred on the 23rd of January, 1790.—*Beechey's Voyage*.

Note (P.) p. 140. "The ovens built by the women." The manner of cooking in Pitcairn's Island is similar to that of Otaheite. An oven is formed in the ground by the women, sufficiently large to contain a good-sized pig, and is lined throughout with stones nearly equal in size, which have been previously made as hot as possible.

These are covered with some broad leaves, generally of the tea plants, and on them is laid the meat. All is carefully covered with the leaves of the tea, and buried beneath a heap of earth, straw, or rushes and boughs, which, by a little use, become matted into one mass. In about an hour and a quarter, the animal is sufficiently cooked, and is certainly more thoroughly done than it would be by a fire.—*Beechey's Voyage*.

Note (Q.) p. 152. "Religious belief of the Taheiteans." The religious belief of these islanders has, in many respects, a wonderful resemblance to Jewish History. A very generally received tradition is, that the first human pair were made by Taaroa, the principal deity formerly acknowledged by the nation. On more than one occasion I have listened to the details of the people respecting his work of creation. They say that after Taaroa had formed the world, he created man out of *aarea*, or red earth, which was also the food of man, until bread-fruit was made. In connexion with this, some relate, that Taaroa one day called for the man by name. When he came, he caused him to fall asleep, and that while he slept, he took out one of his bones, and with it made a woman, whom he gave to the man as his wife, and that they became the progenitors of mankind. Their tradition also with regard to the deluge is most interesting.—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches*.

Note (T.) p. 174. "Cambell." Adams, whom I have called Cambell, went by the name of Alexander Smith in the Bounty. He, no doubt, was one of the first and most daring in the atrocious act of mutiny and piracy; and had he not accompanied Christian to Pitcairn, and been taken home in the Pandora, nothing could have saved him from an ignominious death. But if his sincere repentance, and the most successful exertions to train up the rising generation in piety and virtue, can be considered as expiating, in some degree, his former offences, he is fully entitled to

every indulgence frail humanity so often requires, and which has, indeed, been extended to him by all the officers of the navy who have visited the island and witnessed the simple manners and the settled habits of moality and piety which prevail in this happy and well-regulated society.—*Mutiny of the Bounty. Family Library.*

Note (U.) p. 209. "Beechey's Account of Inhabitants." Formidable breakers fringe the coast, and seem to present an insurmountable barrier to all access. The difficulty of landing was more than repaid by the friendly reception we met with on the beach from Hannah Young, a very interesting young woman, the daughter of Adams. They (the inhabitants) successively welcomed us to their island with a simplicity and a sincerity which left no doubt of the truth of their professions. They all wore the cloth of the island: their dress consisted of a petticoat, and a mantle loosely thrown over the shoulders and reaching to the ancles. Their stature was rather above the common height; their features and manners were perfectly feminine; their complexion, though fairer than that of the men, was of a dark gipsy hue, but its deep colour was less conspicuous by being contrasted with dark glossy hair which hung down on their shoulders in long waving tresses, nicely oiled; in front, it was tastefully turned back from the forehead and temples, and was retained in that position by a chaplet of small red or white aromatic blossoms, newly gathered from the plain-tree; their countenances were lively and good-natured; their eyes dark and animated, and each possessed an enviable row of teeth. Such was the agreeable impression of their first appearance, which was heightened by the wish expressed simultaneously by the whole groupe, that we were come to stay several days with them.—*Beechey's Voyage.*







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